

The Otterbein Hymnal eBook

The Otterbein Hymnal

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Contents

The Otterbein Hymnal eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	9
Page 1.....	10
Page 2.....	13
Page 3.....	15
Page 4.....	18
Page 5.....	21
Page 6.....	24
Page 7.....	27
Page 8.....	29
Page 9.....	32
Page 10.....	34
Page 11.....	37
Page 12.....	40
Page 13.....	43
Page 14.....	46
Page 15.....	48
Page 16.....	51
Page 17.....	54
Page 18.....	57
Page 19.....	60
Page 20.....	63
Page 21.....	66
Page 22.....	69

Page 23.....	72
Page 24.....	75
Page 25.....	78
Page 26.....	81
Page 27.....	84
Page 28.....	87
Page 29.....	90
Page 30.....	93
Page 31.....	96
Page 32.....	99
Page 33.....	102
Page 34.....	105
Page 35.....	108
Page 36.....	111
Page 37.....	114
Page 38.....	117
Page 39.....	120
Page 40.....	123
Page 41.....	126
Page 42.....	129
Page 43.....	131
Page 44.....	134
Page 45.....	137
Page 46.....	140
Page 47.....	142
Page 48.....	145

Page 49.....	148
Page 50.....	151
Page 51.....	154
Page 52.....	157
Page 53.....	160
Page 54.....	163
Page 55.....	166
Page 56.....	169
Page 57.....	172
Page 58.....	175
Page 59.....	177
Page 60.....	180
Page 61.....	183
Page 62.....	186
Page 63.....	189
Page 64.....	192
Page 65.....	195
Page 66.....	198
Page 67.....	201
Page 68.....	204
Page 69.....	207
Page 70.....	210
Page 71.....	213
Page 72.....	216
Page 73.....	219
Page 74.....	221

Page 75.....	224
Page 76.....	227
Page 77.....	230
Page 78.....	233
Page 79.....	235
Page 80.....	238
Page 81.....	241
Page 82.....	244
Page 83.....	247
Page 84.....	250
Page 85.....	253
Page 86.....	256
Page 87.....	259
Page 88.....	262
Page 89.....	265
Page 90.....	268
Page 91.....	271
Page 92.....	274
Page 93.....	277
Page 94.....	280
Page 95.....	283
Page 96.....	286
Page 97.....	289
Page 98.....	292
Page 99.....	295
Page 100.....	298

Page 101.....	301
Page 102.....	304
Page 103.....	307
Page 104.....	309
Page 105.....	312
Page 106.....	314
Page 107.....	317
Page 108.....	320
Page 109.....	323
Page 110.....	326
Page 111.....	329
Page 112.....	332
Page 113.....	335
Page 114.....	338
Page 115.....	341
Page 116.....	344
Page 117.....	347
Page 118.....	350
Page 119.....	353
Page 120.....	356
Page 121.....	359
Page 122.....	362
Page 123.....	364
Page 124.....	367
Page 125.....	370
Page 126.....	373

Page 127.....	376
Page 128.....	379
Page 129.....	382
Page 130.....	385
Page 131.....	387
Page 132.....	390
Page 133.....	393
Page 134.....	396
Page 135.....	399
Page 136.....	402
Page 137.....	405
Page 138.....	408
Page 139.....	411
Page 140.....	414
Page 141.....	417
Page 142.....	420
Page 143.....	423
Page 144.....	426
Page 145.....	429
Page 146.....	432
Page 147.....	435
Page 148.....	438
Page 149.....	441
Page 150.....	444
Page 151.....	447
Page 152.....	450

Page 153.....	453
Page 154.....	456
Page 155.....	458
Page 156.....	460
Page 157.....	462
Page 158.....	464
Page 159.....	466
Page 160.....	468
Page 161.....	470
Page 162.....	472
Page 163.....	474
Page 164.....	476

Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
THE OTTERBEIN HYMNAL.		1
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.		154



Page 1

THE OTTERBEIN HYMNAL.

1 Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and to the
Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end,
world without end.

Amen.

2 Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

Amen.

3 Old Hundred. L.M.

Psalm 100. (1)

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.



Isaac Watts.

4 Old Hundred. L.M.

All Men Invited to Praise God. (3)

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound
from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And till the world with loudest praise.

Isaac Watts, 1713.

5 Old Hundred. L.M.

Psalm 103. (6)

Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim
And men and angels bless his name,

Oh, let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song!

Page 2

Anne Steele, 1760.

6 Old Hundred. L.M.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thos. Ken.

7 Lord of All Being. L.M.

Omnipresence. (17)

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of ev'ry sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quick'ning ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burnt for thee, Till all thy living altars claim One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.

8 Duke Street. L.M.

The Majesty of God. (7)

Come, oh, my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?



2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Master's grand designs, Omnipotence with wisdom shines; His works,
through all this wondrous frame, Bear the great impress of his name.

4 Raised on Devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul! his glories sing; And let his praise
employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds applaud the song.

Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

9 Rockingham. L.M.

Life-long Praise. (12)

God of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound my praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all its powers of language fail, Joy thro' my
swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains, Which echo o'er the heavenly plains, And
emulate, with joy unknown, The growing seraphs round thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

10 Rockingham. L.M.

Psalms 106. (15)

Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?



Page 3

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to thy chosen dost afford; When thou return'st to set them free. Let thy salvation visit me.

Tate-Brady.

11 Rockingham. L.M.

God Revealed in Christ. (600)

Now to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

12 Rockingham. L.M.

Unceasing Praise. (13)

My God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.



3 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways— Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

13 Otterbein. L.M.

Psalm 95. (4)

Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

14 Park Street. L.M.

Joining in Praise. (75)

Sweet is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart
in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works
of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Isaac Watts.

15 Harvey's Chant. C. M.

The Goodness of God in His Works. (26)

Hail! great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;



Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.



Page 4

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

Anon. 1795.

16 Harvey's Chant. C.M.

Praise at all Times. (27)

My soul shall praise thee, O my God
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.



O. Heigenbotham.

17 Harvey's Chant. C.M.

Psalm 66. (24)

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son, our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

18 Nicaea 11s, 12s, & 10s.

Adoration.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God over all and blest eternally.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee;
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God over all, and blest eternally.



Page 5

Reginald Heber—*alt.*

19 Nicaea 11s, 12s, & 10s.

Psalm 95. (18)

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
“Ye shall not see my rest.”

Isaac Watts, 1719.

20 St. Thomas. S.M.

Bless the Lord. (29)

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—



'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.

21 Silver Street. S.M.

Psalm 103. (34)

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal king.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

22 Gates of Praise.

Gates of Praise.

Lift up the Gates of Praise,
That we may enter in,
And o'er salvation's walls proclaim
That Christ redeems from sin.

Cho.—The stars may praise the hand
That decks the sky above,



But man alone can tell the pow'r
Of Christ's redeeming love.

2 God's works reveal his might,
His majesty and grace;
But not the tender Father's love
That saves a dying race.

3 Then let the voice of praise
To heavenly courts ascend,
Till with the songs the angels sing
Our hallelujahs blend.

4 To him that hath redeemed
Our souls from sin's dark maze;
The Hope and Savior of mankind,
Be everlasting praise.

M. E. Servoss.



Page 6

23 Leighton. S.M.

Exhortation to Praise. (32)

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,.
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

James Montgomery, 1825.

24 Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

Psalms 148. (53)

Praise the Lord, ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.



4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high! his power proclaim
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne, 1810.

25 Horton. 7s.

Psalm 107. (50)

Thank and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker all that breathe.

4 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand—
Like his own eternity.

James Montgomery, 1822.

26 Hallelujah! 8s & 7s.

Praise the Lord.

Hallelujah! song of gladness;
Song of everlasting joy;
Hallelujah! song the sweetest
That can angel hosts employ.

Cho.—Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord!



2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Thou mayst lift this joyful strain;
Hallelujah! songs of triumph,
Well befit the ransomed train.

3 Hallelujah! let our voices
Rise to heav'n with full accord;
Hallelujah! ev'ry moment
Brings us nearer to the Lord.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Bring us to thy blissful presence.
Let us all thy glory see.



Page 7

Anon.

27 Let Us Praise Him To-day. 8s & 7s.

The Universal Song.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

Cho.—Glory to the Father and the Son,
Glory to the Spirit! three in one!
Let us praise him, let us praise him, let us praise him to-day,
And sing his loving kindness on our way.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the Lord of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Praise to God, our great Creator!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, ev'ry living creature,
Earth and heav'n's united host.

J. W. Fawcett, 1767.

28 Lyons. 10s & 11s.

Praise of Divine Love.

O worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girdled with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.



3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

4 Our Father and God, how faithful thy love! While angels delight to hymn thee above, The humbler creation, though feeble their lays. With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1839.

29 Lyons. 10s & 11s.

Salvation to God.

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name.
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still he is nigh, his presence we have; The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son; Our Savior's high praises the angels proclaim,— Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

C. Wesley, 1744.

30 Gerar. S.M.

The Glories of the Sanctuary. (128)

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries,
Each contrite soul presents;
And while he hears their humble sighs
He grants them all their wants.



Page 8

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. Stennett.

31 Hendon. 7s.

A Blessing Implored. (134)

Lord! we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

4 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee, a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond, 1745.

32 Sicily. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Opening of Service. (137)

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.



2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

33 Sicily. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Close of Service. (141)

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

34 Sicily. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Plea for Parting Blessing. (139)



God of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Savior! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.



Page 9

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

35 Mendon. L.M.

Psalm 84. (119)

Great God! attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace! Not tents of ease,
nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way From all th'
assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too; He gives us all
things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King! whose sovereign sway The glorious hosts of heaven obey, And
devils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

36 Mendon L.M.

The Presence of Christ. (124)

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear
And let thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.



37 Mendon. L.M.

Psalm 84. (127)

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion's gate; God is their
strength, and through the road They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at length; Till all
before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719

38 Ward. L.M.

Before Sermon. (122)

Thy presence, gracious God! afford:
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.



Page 10

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display.
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett. 1782.

39 Migdol. L.M.

Acts 2:1. (792)

Command thy blessing from above
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word—
Say to the weakest, follow me.

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and till the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 Oh, thou, our Maker, Savior, Guide,
One true, eternal God confessed;
Whom thou hast joined none may divide,
None dare to curse whom thou hast blest.

James Montgomery

40 Mear. C.M.

God's Presence in Sanctuary. (111)

Again our earthly cares we leave,
And in thy courts appear;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Savior here.

2 Within those walls let holy peace.
And love, and concord dwell;



Here give the troubled conscience ease—
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye.
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton, 1779, a.

41 Mear. C.M.

Dedication. (1175)

Oh, thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant, 1835

42 Mear. C.M.



Psalm 122. (106)

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say—
“In Zion let us all appear—
And keep the solemn day!”

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.



Page 11

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
By her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719

43 Lisbon. S.M.

The Sabbath Welcomed. (81)

Welcome! sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1707

44 Mendebras. 7s & 6s. D.



The Sabbath Holy.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Before th' eternal throne,
Sing Holy! Holy! Holy!
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation.
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth.
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1858.

45 Auburn. C.M.

Sweet Day of Rest. (66)

Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
Oh, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps. Lord. I trace;



Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 Those are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 Oh, if my soul, when death appears.
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Savior in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.



Page 12

John Mason, 1683.

46 Auburn. C.M.

Sabbath Morn. (60)

How sweetly breaks the Sabbath dawn
Along the eastern skies!
So, when the night of time hath gone,
Eternity shall rise.

2 How softly spreads the Sabbath light!
How soon the gloom hath fled!
So o'er the new created sight
Celestial bliss is spread.

3 What quiet reigns o'er earth and sea,
Through all the stilly air!
So calm may we this Sabbath be,
And free from worldly care.

4 Thus let thy peace, O Lord! pervade
Our bosoms all our days;
And let each passing hour be made
A herald of thy praise.

5 This peace of God—how full! how sweet
It flows from Jesus' breast;
It makes our bliss on earth complete,
It brings eternal rest.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1840

47 Auburn. C.M.

The Lord's Day Morning. (65)

When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,



When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston, 1820.

48 Sabbath. 7s, 6 or 8 lines.

Blessing of the Sabbath. (94)

Safely thro' another week,
God has bro't us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free;
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779. a.

49 Lischer. (German.) H.M.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath. (98)

Welcome, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;



I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face!
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.



Page 13

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Hayward, 1806.

50 Spanish Hymn, 7s, 8.

The Day of Rest. (91)

Welcome, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heav'n prepare;
Day, when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell;
Thus he vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford;
But a better rest remains,
Heav'nly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys and endless praise.

William Brown, 1822.

51 Last Hope. 7s.

Sabbath Evening. (93)

Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;



All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heav'n our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

52 Lowry. L.M.

Morning Praise.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me when I slept; Grant, Lord,
when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew; Scatter my sins as morning dew; Guard my first
springs of thought and will, And with thyself my spirit fill.

Bp. Ken, 1709.

53 Vigil. S.M.

Morning Song. (1169)

See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,



And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.



Page 14

T. Scott.

54 Evening Prayer. 8s & 7s.

Evening Blessing Desired. (1171)

Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
E'er repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly;
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

55 Hursley. L.M.

Evening Hymn. (1165)

Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;



Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. J. Keble, 1827.

56 Eventide. 10s.

Evening of the Day.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word, But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power? Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh,
abide with me!

4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

57 Eventide. 10s.

Closing Hymn.

Savior, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way; With thee begun, with thee shall end the
day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called
upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn thou for us its darkness into
light; From harm and danger keep thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to
thee.



Page 15

John Ellerton, 1868.

58 Seymour, 7s.

Evening Devotion.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G.W. Doane, 1824.

59 Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

Evening Meditations.

Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Tho' the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend—



They, unlinked with earthly trouble;
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

C.C. Cox

60 Fading, Still Fading P.M., with Refrain.

Evening Prayer.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven, the day is declining;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.

Ref.—Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might; In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, Wake in thine arms when
morning returns.

Selina Huntingdon

61 God Be With You. P.M.

Parting Blessing.

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again

Cho.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you,

Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms
unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.



Page 16

4 God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

J.E. Rankin D.D.

62 Wonderful Words. P.M.

Words of Life.

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life,
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty.

Cho.—Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life,
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

2 Christ the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Savior,
Sanctify forever.

P.P. Bliss.

63 Give Me the Bible. P.M.

The Bible Desired.

Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming,
To cheer the wand'rer lone and tempest-tossed;
No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming,
Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost.



Cho.—Give me the Bible! holy message shining,
Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way.
Precept and promise, law and love combining,
Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

2 Give me the Bible, when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have filled my soul
with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken, Hold up faith's lamp to show
my Savior near.

3 Give me the Bible, all my steps enlighten, Teach me the danger of these realms
below; That lamp of safety, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light alone the path of
peace can show.

4 Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal, Hold up that splendor by the open grave;
Show me the light from heaven's shining portal, Show me the glory gilding Jordan's
wave.

Priscilla J. Owens.

64 Shirland. S.M.

Psalm 119. (170)

Behold! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from the tombs
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord!
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

65 Dallas. 7s.

Book Divine.

Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.



Page 17

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Savior's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, 1805.

66 Evan. C.M.

Psalm 119. (155)

Lord! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden, glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

67 Evan. C.M.



The Latter Day. (1018)

Lord! send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of its grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden flowers and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

4 Lord! for these days we wait;—these days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

5 Amen!—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen!—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

68 Evan. C.M.

The Incomparable Richness of God's Word. (150)

Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.



4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light.

Anne Steele, 1760.



Page 18

69 Devizes. C.M.

The Bible Our Light. (149)

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

70 Devizes. C.M.

Psalms 119. (158)

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinners' road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise
But love thy law, my God!



4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

71 Devizes. C.M.

Perfection of the Law and Testimony. (154)

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let those be gladness to my ears—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express—
The thoughts that throng my mind—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

C. Wesley.

72 Manoah. C.M.

Faithfulness.

Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.



3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts.

73 Manoah. C.M.



Page 19

Power.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

H. Kirke White.

74 Manoa. C.M.

Eternity.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;



To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow.
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts.

75 Italy. 6s & 4s.

The Trinity Adored. (394)

Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious!
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,



And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

76 All Saints. L.M.

Praise to the Trinity (391)

Blest be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood—
Pardon and life for dying souls



Page 20

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus, God, the Father, God, the Son,
And God, the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

77 Elizabethtown. C.M.

God Incomprehensible. (844)

Thy way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

3 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 With rapture I shall soon survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1782.

78 Elizabethtown. C.M.



Eternity of God. (1071)

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

79 Elizabethtown. C.M.

Divine Perfections. (182)

I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.



4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

Isaac Watts.

80 Dundee. C.M.

Our Heavenly Father. (21)

My God how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy seat,
In depths of burning light.



Page 21

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
Oh, everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus! love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1849.

81 Dundee. C.M.

God's Ways Not Understood. (848)

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.



4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1772.

82 Dundee. C.M.

Majesty. Ps. 18.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

Thomas Sternhold, d. 1549.

83 Triumph. L.M.

The Goodness of God. (176)

Yes, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
“God made us all, and God is good.”

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way, And downward pours his golden flood, Night's sparkling hosts all seem to sky, In accents clear, that God is good.

3 Yes, God is good, all Nature says, By God's own hand with speech endued; And man, in louder notes of praise, Should sing for joy that God is good.

4 For all thy gifts, we bless thee, Lord; But chiefly for our heavenly food, Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word; These prompt our song that God is good.



Page 22

John H. Gurney.

84 Triumph. L.M.

The Eternity of God. (179)

Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er;
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Isaac Watts.

85 Triumph. L.M.

God Seen in nature. (178)

There is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,



Confess the footsteps of your God—
Bow down before him and adore.

Anne Steele

86 Triumph. L.M.

The Lord God Omnipotent. (14)

The Lord is King; child of the dust!
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

2 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, Oh, earth! and all ye heavens! rejoice; From world
to world the joy shall ring— The Lord omnipotent is King.

3 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake, His might decay, his love forsake, Then may his
children cease to sing— The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder.

87 Faben. 8s & 7s. D.

God is Love.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 E'en the hour the darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

88 Mannheim. 8s & 7s.

The Divine Glory. (56)



Page 23

Lord! thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
"Holy, holy, holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts! the Lord most high!"

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren! let our tongues unite;
Chief the heart when duty raises
God-ward at his mystic rite.

Richard Mant, 1828.

89 Azmon. C.M.

Creating Wisdom. (184)

Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

4 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

Isaac Watts, 1705.

90 Azmon. C.M.



The Trinity. (388)

Hail! holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be
Supreme, Essential One, adored
In co-eternal Thee!

C. Wesley, 1767.

91 Azmon. C.M.

God is Love. (183)

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his patience lengthened out
To those who from him rove,
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step from first to last,
Declares that—God is love.



George Burder, 1784.

92 Azmon. C.M.

God's Constant Goodness. (179)

Jehovah God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.



Page 24

3 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

John Thompson, 1810

93 God is Love. P.M.

Praise for God's Love.

Come, let us all unite to sing,
God is love;
Let heav'n and earth their praises bring,
God is love;
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
For God is love.

Ref.—God is love,
God is love.
Come, let us all unite to sing
That God is love.

2 Oh, tell us to earth's remotest bound,
God is love;
In Christ we have redemption found,
God is love;
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day,
And now we can rejoice to say
That God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here,
God is love;
His promises our spirits cheer,
God is love;
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;
He will be with us all the way;
Our God is love.

Anon.



94 Carol. C.M.D.

The Angels' Song. (206)

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E.H. Sears, 1850.

95 Carol. C.M.D.

A Light to Lighten the Gentiles. (203)

The race that long in darkness pine
Have seen a glorious light;



The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.



Page 25

2 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

John Morrison, 1781.

96 Christmas. C.M.

The Angel's Message (208)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"



Nahum Tate, 1696.

97 Zerah. C.M.

The Chorus of Angels. (210)

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edmund H. Sears, 1835.

98 Antioch. C.M.

Psalms 98. (200)

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.



4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

99 Antioch. C.M.

Christ's Mission. (202)

Hark the glad sound! the Savior comes—
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.



Page 26

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

100 Antioch. C.M.

Jesus is God. (195)

Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.

2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross, true God;
He who, in heaven, eternal reigned,
In time, on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! there never was
A time when he was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.

4 Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are his.

5 Jesus is God! oh, could I now,
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!



6 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,
Is everlasting God.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1862.

101 Herald Angels. 7s D.

(219)

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies!
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 See, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity.
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

C. Wesley, 1759

102 Herald Angels. 7s D.

Glory to God. (204)

Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake: let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.



2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace
To save and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.



Page 27

William Hurn, 1813.

103 Salvation Morning, 7s & 6s.

God's Salvation Morning.

What means this glorious radiance
Across Judea's plain?
Those white-winged angels singing
In such exultant strain?

Cho.—The King of glory cometh,
Earth's broken hearts to bind,
And God's salvation morning
Hath dawned for all mankind.

2 What means this wondrous story
The holy angels tell?
Of one who reigned in heaven,
And now on earth would dwell?

3 Why bend these Eastern sages
To one of lowly birth?
What means this heav'nly message
Of love and peace on earth?

4 Ye wand'ers in earth's darkness,
On ocean deep and land,
Hail! hail! the joyful tidings,
The morning is at hand.

M. E. Servoss.

104 Invitation. C.M.

The Forgiving One. (232)

What grace, O Lord! and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;



Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

3 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee;
Like thee, O Lord! to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

4 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny, 1839.

105 Invitation. C.M.

The True Test.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

J. G. Whittier.

106 Invitation. C.M.



Childhood of Jesus. (228)

In stature grows the heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
And he who set the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.



Page 28

4 He before whom the angels stand.
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man's command,
And lays his glory by.

5 The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

Anon.

107 Invitation. C.M.

A Man of Sorrow. (229)

A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Savior passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place.
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

H. Bonar.

108 Olivet. L.M.

The Meekness of Jesus. (242)

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine;

That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who, like thee, so calm, so bright, Thou God of God, thou Light of Light! Oh, who,
like thee, did ever go So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who, like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free, Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee; Yet
love, through all thy torture glowed, And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838.

109 Olivet. L.M.

The Teaching of Jesus. (243)

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke;
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

John Bowring, 1823.

110 Olivet. L.M.

Christ's Example. (239)

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word;

But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.



Page 29

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew;
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear More of thy gracious image here; Then God, the
Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

111 Overberg. L.M.

The Miracles of Christ. (247)

Behold! the blind their sight receive;
Behold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap, like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

113 Overberg. L.M.

Entry into Jerusalem. (248)

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Savior meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.



2 Bide on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty! The angel armies of the sky Look down with sad and
wondering eyes To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh; The Father on his
sapphire throne Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

113 Overberg. L.M.

The Transfiguration. (245)

Oh, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have place, Two chosen witnesses of grace; The Father's
voice from out the cloud Proclaimed his only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array
Christ deigns to manifest to-day,
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

Latin. Tr. by J.M. Neale, 1851.

114 Bavaria. 8s & 7s D.

Christ Our Example. (251)

Ever would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy Book,



Of my Savior's gentle pleading,
Truth in ev'ry word and look.
How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How he sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and his own.



Page 30

2 How no contrite soul e'er sought him,
And was bidden to depart;
How, with gentle words he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.
Still I read the ancient story,—
And my joy is ever new,—
How for us he left his glory,
How he still is kind and true.

3 How the flock he gently leadeth,
Whom his Father gave him here;
How his arms he widely spreadeth,
To his heart to draw us near.
Let me kneel, my Lord! before thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by thy love adore thee,
Blessed in thee, mid joy or woe.

Ger., Louisa Hensel, 1829.

Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858

115 Heber. C.M.

The Example of Christ. (236)

Behold where, in the Friend of man,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues all in Jesus meet,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.



William Endfield, 1802.

116 Wonderful Love of Jesus. P.M.

Christ's Love.

In vain in high and holy lays
My soul her grateful voice would raise;
For who can sing the worthy praise
Of the wonderful love of Jesus?

Cho.—Wonderful love! wonderful love!
Wonderful love of Jesus!
Wonderful love! wonderful love!
Wonderful love of Jesus!

2 A joy by day, a peace by night,
In storms a calm, in darkness light;
In pain a balm, in weakness might,
Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

3 My hope for pardon when I call,
My trust for lifting when I fall;
In life, in death, my all in all,
Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

E.S. Lorenz.

117 Olive's Brow. L.M.

Christ in Gethsemane. (253)

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Savior prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

W.B. Tappan, 1822.



Page 31

118 Windham. L.M.

"Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?" (256)

From Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Savior! ev'ry mournful word
Bespoke thy soul's deep agony

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died that we might never die.

John W. Cunningham, 1820.

119 Zephyr. L.M.

Consecration in View of the Cross. (261)

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;



Love so amazing, so divine.
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

120 Miriam, 7s & 6s. Double.

(300)

O sacred head, now wounded!
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet tho' despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo! here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor;
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide;
My Lord of life! desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659.

121 Avon. C.M.

Before the Cross. (281)

Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!



Page 32

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Cho.—Jesus died for you,
And Jesus died for me,
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind;
Bless God, salvation's free.

Cho.—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne.
O Lord, remember me.

122 Avon. C.M.

Jesus Died for Me.

Great God, when I approach thy throne
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.



W.B. Bathurst, d. 1877.

123 Cowper. C.M.

Contrition at the Cross. (283)

O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

124 Cowper. C.M.

Resting Beneath the Cross. (277)

Oppressed with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!

2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!



4 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

H. Bonar, 1857.

125 The Cross. C.M.

The Precious Love. (530)

The cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross!
The hallowed cross I see;
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.



Page 33

Cho.—Oh, the blood, the precious blood,
That Jesus shed for me;
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 The cross, the cross, that heavy cross,
My Savior bore for me;
It bowed him to the earth with grief
On sad Mount Calvary

3 The wounds, the wounds, those painful wounds;
Oh, they were made for me!
His hands and feet, his holy head,
All pierced and torn I see.

4 The death, the death, the awful death!
That Jesus died for me;
I heard his groans, his prayer, "Forgive,"
His bleeding side I see.

5 The love, the love, the matchless love,
That bled upon the tree!
It melts my heart, it wins my love,
It brings me, Lord, to thee.

J.H. Stockton.

126 Gorton. S.M.

Our Ransom Paid. (296)

Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.



4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

J. Fawcett, 1760.

127 Gorton. S.M.

For Me He Died. (300)

Are there no wounds for me?
Hast thou received them all?
How can I, Lord, the anguish see,
Beneath which thou didst fall?

2 'Tis over now, I know,—
That suffering life of thine;
Thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
Thou wear'st thy crown divine;

3 But yet, I weeping see
The thorns which pierced thy head;
Thou faint'st beneath thy cross for me,
For me to death thou'rt led!

4 Meekly, with love divine,
Thy holy head is bent,
And streams of blood, for sins of mine,
Flow where thy side is rent.

5 Beneath this sacred flood
I bow my sinful soul;
Dear Savior, let thy precious blood
Wash me and make me whole.

Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, 1868.

128 Owen. S.M.

The Savior's Tears. (298)

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.



2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

129 Toplady. 7s, 6.



Page 34

Rock of Ages. (515)

Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

Cho.—Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let me hide myself in thee.

130 Salvator Mundi. 7s. D.

The Litany. (513)

By thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode—



Savior, look with thy pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

131 Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

Glorying in the Cross. (979)

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

132 Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

Looking to the Cross. (980)



Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace, with God.



Page 35

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
Life deriving from his death.

James Allen, 1761.

Altered by Walter Shirley, 1176.

133 Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

The Price of Salvation.

When I view my Savior bleeding,
For my sins upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!

2 Floods of deep distress and anguish.
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.

4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

5 Sure, such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;



All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

6 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

R. Lee.

134 What Hast Thou Done for Me? P.M.

Return for Christ's Sufferings.

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

Frances R. Havergal.

135 Come to the Cross. P.M.

Blessing at the Cross.



Come to the cross, where the Savior died,
Look to the Lamb that was crucified;
Turn to the mournful and tragic scene,
Gaze on the suffering Nazarene.

Cho.—Look at the Crucified, look and live!
Look, for eternal life he will give.
Come to the cross, where the Savior died,
Look to the Lamb that was crucified.

2 Fall at the feet of the dying One, Trust in the name of the Father's Son; Wash in the
fountain of Jesus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the healing flood.



Page 36

3 Fly to the arms of his pard'ning love, Cherish the hope of a crown above; Taste of the sweetness of sins forgiven, Lean on the promise of rest in heaven.

Rev. J.H. Martin.

136 Near the Cross. P.M.

Near the Cross.

Jesus, keep me near the cross
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Cho.—In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

137 Saw Ye My Savior? P.M.

Christ's Crucifixion.

Saw ye my Savior, saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.



2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Hail, mighty Savior! hail, mighty Savior!
Prince, and the Author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died;
Oh, behold my hands and side!
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee, forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

138 Baca. L.M.

Pardon Through the Sufferings of Christ. (264)

Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Have made the curse a blessing prove; Those
dreadful sufferings of thy Son Atoned for sins that we have done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known.
And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

139 Baca. L.M.

Peace and Safety at the Cross. (265)

Beneath thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein;
Love is the spring of all thy pain.



Page 37

2 Here, Jesus, will I ever stay, And spend my longing hours away; Think on thy bleeding wounds and pain, And contemplate thy woes again.

3 Oh, unmolested, happy rest! Where inward fears are all suppressed; Here I shall love, and live secure, And patiently my cross endure.

Wm. Williams.

140 Baca. L.M.

Thanks to Jesus for His Love. (270)

O love! who gav'st thy life for me,
And won an everlasting good
Through thy sore anguish on the tree,
I ever think upon thy blood!

2 O Love! who unto death hast grieved
For this cold heart, unworthy thine,
Whom the cold grave and death received,
I thank thee for that grief divine.

3 I give thee thanks that thou didst die
To win eternal life for me,
To bring salvation from on high:
Oh, draw me up through love to thee!

From the German. Author unknown.

141 Woodstock. C.M.

Christ's Triumph over Death. (309)

The morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings;
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings.

2 While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Past fettered he has lain;



But he has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

Dr. A. R. Thompson, 1867.

142 Warwick. C.M.

Resurrection and Ascension. (311)

Hosanna to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

143 Nuremburg. 7s.

The Lord is Risen. (322)

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight; the battle won:



Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise—
Christ hath opened paradise.



Page 38

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Charles Wesley, 1739.

144 Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

Resurrection and Ascension. (325)

Angel! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Savior; angels! raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise:
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Shout! ye saints! in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulcher new-born.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Hero! through them ride!
King of glory! mount the throne—
Thy great Father's and thine own.

Thomas Scott, 1772.

145 Hudson. S.M.

The Lord is Risen. (313)

"The Lord is risen indeed!"
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;



He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

146 Mendon. L.M.

Exaltation of Christ. (318)

Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore above; How swift
and joyful was his flight, On wings of everlasting love.

3 Among a thousand harps and songs, Jesus, the God, exalted reigns; His sacred name
fills all their tongues And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

147 Mendon. L.M.

The Lord is Risen Indeed. (319)

The morning kindles all the sky;
The heavens resound with anthems high;
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed."

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb, In pomp of triumph he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard, Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred; Their
Lord's beloved face to see, Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows; His face with love's own radiance glows; They
with the angel's message speed, And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"



Page 39

Latin Tr. by Mrs. E. Charles.

148 Harmony Grove. L.M.

Christ the Unsetting Sun. (320)

Hail! morning known among the blest,
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness raised her head.

E. Wardlaw, 1814.

149 Baltzell. L.M.

My Redeemer Lives.

I know that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to bless in time of need;

3 He lives, to grant me rich supply;
He lives, to guide me with his eye;
He lives, to comfort me when faint;
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint;

4 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly Friend; He lives, and loves me to the end; He lives,
and while he lives I'll sing; He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.



5 He lives, all glory to his name! He lives, my Savior still the same— Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives: I know that my Redeemer lives.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

150 Dort. 6s & 4s.

Glorious Conqueror. (329)

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise,
Into thy native skies,
Assume thy right;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled;
Pass thro' these gates of gold,
And reign in light.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant strain;
Praises all heav'n inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire;
Thou Lamb, once slain.

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Savior, triumphant, go
And take thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thine heritage.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

151 Harwell. 8s & 7s. D.

Jesus Reigns. (354)



Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.



Page 40

3 Savior! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
“Glory to our King!”

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

152 Harwell. 8s & 7s. D.

The Return to Heaven. (353)

Jesus comes, his conflict over,—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
“Holy, holy, holy, Lord!”
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

153 Harwell. 8s & 7s. D.

We Live in Him. (333)

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices



Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

154 Coronation. C.M.

Crown Him Lord of All. (336)

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.



5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.



Page 41

Edward Perronet, *alt.* 1780.

155 Elizabethtown. C.M.

The Sympathy of Jesus. (338)

Come, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim.

Anon. 1818.

156 Elizabethtown. C.M.

Perfect Through Suffering. (337)

The head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his—is his by right;
“The King of kings, and Lord of lords,”
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,



To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name;
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health—
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

157 Elizabethtown. C.M.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak. (341)

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

158 The Coming of the Kingdom. P.M.

The Lord is at Hand.

There's a glorious kingdom waiting in the land beyond the sky,
Where the saints have been gath'ring year by year,
And the days are swiftly passing that will bring the kingdom nigh,
For the coming of the kingdom draweth near.

Cho.—Oh, the coming of the kingdom draweth near;
Oh, the coming of the kingdom draweth near!
Be thou ready, O my soul, for the trumpet soon may roll,
And the King in his glory shall appear.



Page 42

2 'Tis the hope of yonder kingdom, and the glory there prepared,
And the looking for the Savior to appear,
That delivers us from bondage to the world that once ensnared,
For the coming of the kingdom draweth near.

3 With the coming of the kingdom we shall see our blessed Lord,
For the King ere the kingdom must appear;
Hallelujah to his name, who redeemed us by his blood!
Oh, the coming of the kingdom draweth near.

4 Oh, the world is growing weary, it has waited now so long,
And the hearts of men are failing them for fear;
Let us tell them of the kingdom, let us cheer them with the song,
That the coming of the kingdom draweth near.

D. W. Whittle.

159 Lebanon Valley. 8s & 7s.

Christ's Coming Desired. (224)

Come, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free!
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

160 The Crowning Day. 7s & 6s.



The Day of the Lord.

Our Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned,
But soon he'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

Cho.—Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in “power,”
And “glory” from on high.
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array,
The beauty of the Savior,
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way.
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

D.W. Whittle

161 Truro. L.M.

The Church Longing for Christ. (907)



Page 43

Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh! come and reign o'er ev'ry land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share,
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

162 Middletown. 8s & 7s. D.
Crown Him Lord of All. (615)

Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, th' exalted Savior,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Savior! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
Jesus, thee our Savior hailing
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.



William Goode, 1811.

163 Abt. 8s & 7s.
Much Forgiven. (616)

Hail! my ever blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing.
To my soul, thy name is precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior passed that way

4 Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove, 1806.

164 Olivet. 6s & 4s.
Veni, Sancte Spiritus! (386)

Come, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;



Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh! come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!



Page 44

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Lat. Robert II. of France, 996. Tr., Ray Palmer, 1858.

165 Olivet. 6s & 4s.

The Spirit of Truth. (387)

Thou! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;—
Oh! now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,



And, in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

John Marriott, 1813.

166 Balerna. C.M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit. (363)

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,—
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

167 Balerna. C.M.

The Source of Life and Light. (364)

Great Spirit! by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;



Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise;
Complete redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exalting, then, we feel, and own
Our Jesus glorified.

Thomas Howels, 1792.

168 Arlington. C.M.

The Descent of the Spirit. (369)



Page 45

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all, of woman born, may see
The glory of thy face.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

169 Arlington. C.M.

Assurance.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.



4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

170 Arlington. C.M.

The Spirit's Work. (366)

Eternal Spirit! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessings shower,
And stir them with thy breath.

2 'Tis thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And, with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

3 'Tis thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit! visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

Wm. Riley Bathurst, 1830.

171 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s. D.

The Guide.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice



Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.



Page 46

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

M.M. Wells.

172 Pleyel. 7s.

The Holy Spirit in Conversion. (383)

Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart!
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.

173 Zephyr. L.M.

The Descent of the Spirit. (375)

Spirit of pow'r, and truth, and love,
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above!
Descend, and bear us on thy wings,
Far from these low and fleeting things.



2 'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal, 'Tis thine to make the hardened feel; Thine to give light to blinded eyes, And bid the groveling spirit rise.

3 When faith is weak, and courage fails, When grief or doubt our soul assails, Who can, like thee, our spirits cheer? Great Comforter! be ever near.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! like the fire; With burning zeal our souls inspire; Come, like the south-wind, breathing balm, Our joys refresh, our passions calm.

5 Come, like the sun's enlightening beam; Come like the cooling, cleansing stream; With all thy graces present be:— Spirit of God! we wait for thee.

William Lindsay Alexander, 1867.

174 Whitefield. S.M.

The Spirit's Sanctifying Influence. (378)

Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free.
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

175 Fill Me Now. 8s & 7s.

The Fullness of the Spirit.

Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.



Page 47

Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now;
Jesus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Tho' I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

E.H. Stokes, D.D.

176 Fill Me Now. 8s & 7s.

Guide and Comforter.

Holy Spirit, Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind,
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find.

2 Seal of truth, and Bond of union,
Source of light, and Flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove.

3 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror;
Pointing to an ark of rest.

4 Promised Pledge, eternal Spirit,
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show!



Thomas J. Judkin.

177 Fill Me Now. 8s & 7s.

The Source of Consolation.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

Tr. by J.C. Jacobi, 1725. Alt.

178 Kentucky. S.M.

Guilt and Helplessness of Man. (405)

Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?



4 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

179 Kentucky. S.M.

An Evil Heart. (406)



Page 48

Astonished and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The source of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Envy and pride, deceit and guile,
Distrust and slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints!
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Drive the old serpent from his seat,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done,—my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My heart shall glow with gratitude,
My lips be filled with praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

180 Olmutz. S.M.

The Reign of Sin. (407)

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise.

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

4 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.



Isaac Watts, 1709.

181 Downs. C.M.

The Need of Regeneration. (396)

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

182 Downs. C.M.

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ. (397)

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.



4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness
My Jesus, and my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

183 Downs. C.M.

Man's Need of the New Birth. (400)



Page 49

Sinners, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

John Fawcett.

184 Rockbridge. L.M.

Man's Need of Christ. (402)

Buried in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns, And binds his slaves in heavy chains; He sets the prisoners free, and breaks The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness
Thou art our mighty all, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

185 Melody. C.M.



Law and Grace. (399)

Vain are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

186 Glorious Fountain. C.M.

Glorious Fountain. (407)

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Cho.—Oh, glorious fountain!
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God,
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.



Page 50

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

William Cowper, 1779.

187 Siloam. C.M.

The All-Sufficient Grace. (488)

When wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound:
One hand alone, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One heart alone, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand, that brings relief;
His heart, that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

4 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1858.

188 Siloam. C.M.

Salvation.

Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,



While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

189 Dunbar. S.M.

All Invited. (446)

How, vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.

Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 How vast! "whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation now to him.

3 How full! it doth remove
The stain of every sin;
And makes the soul as white and pure,
As though no sin had been.

4 Poor trembling sinner, come!
God waits to comfort thee,
Come, cast thyself upon his love,
So vast, so full, so free.

Vestry H. & T. Book.

190 Boylston. S.M.

The Better Sacrifice. (297)

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,



Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear;
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.



Page 51

Isaac Watts

191 Jesus Saves. P.M.

Atonement for All.

We have heard the joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Bear the news to ev'ry land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward! 'tis our Lord's command;
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee;
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

Priscilla J. Owens.



192 Boylston. S.M.

Ark of Salvation.

Like Noah's weary dove
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found,

2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

Wm. A. Muhlenberg.

193 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men. 7s.

A Joyful Message.

Sinners Jesus will receive;
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

Ref.—Sing it o'er and o'er again;
Christ receiveth sinful men,
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come, and he will give you rest;
Trust him for his word is plain;
He will take the sinfulest;
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;



He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with him I'll enter in.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

194 Depth of Mercy. 7s.

The Chief of Sinners (501)

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?



Page 52

Cho.—God is love; I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Savior stands; Shows his wounds and spreads his hands; God is love; I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

195 Lenox. H.M.

The Jubilee Proclaimed. (461)

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mournful souls! be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world, proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.



4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above!
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

Charles Wesley, 1755.

196 Lenox. H. M.

The Sacrifice.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.



197 All to Christ I Owe. 6s.

Jesus Paid It All.

I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.



Page 53

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

198 All to Christ I Owe. 6s.

Rev. 22:17. (479)

Come to the blood-stained tree;
The Victim bleeding lies;
God sets the sinner free,
Since Christ, a ransom, dies.

2 The Spirit will apply
His blood to cleanse thy stain;
Oh, burdened soul, draw nigh,
For none can come in vain!

3 Dark though thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson stain,
There's boundless mercy here,
Oh, do not still disdain.

4 Look not within for peace,
Within, there's nought to cheer;
Look up, and find release
From sin, and self, and fear.



199 What a Wonderful Savior. P.M.

A Complete Atonement.

Christ has for sin atonement made,
What a wonderful Savior!
We are redeem'd, the price is paid,
What a wonderful Savior!

Cho.—What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Lord!

2 I praise him for the cleansing blood,
What a wonderful Savior!
That reconciled my soul to God,
What a wonderful Savior!

3 He cleansed my heart from all its sin,
What a wonderful Savior!
And now he reigns and rules therein,
What a wonderful Savior!

4 He walks beside me in the way,
What a wonderful Savior!
And keeps me faithful day by day,
What a wonderful Savior!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Savior!
And triumph in each conflict hour,
What a wonderful Savior!

6 To him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Savior!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Savior!

E. A. Hoffman.

200 Wonderful Grace. P.M.

Divine Grace.

'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace,
This great salvation brings;
The soul, delivered of its load,
In sweetest rapture sings.



Cho.—'Tis grace, 'tis grace,
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful grace,
'Tis grace, 'tis grace,
Flowing still freely for me.

2 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace,
Which saves the soul from sin,
The power of rising evil days,
And reigns supreme within.

3 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace;
Its streams are full and free;
Are flowing now for all the race,
They even flow to me.



Page 54

Rev. W. H. Burrell.

201 Seeking for Me. P.M.

Christ's Atoning Work.

Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name,
Seeking for me, for me.

2 Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary's tree
Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me.

3 Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

4 Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high;
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

E. E. Hasty

202 The Stranger at the Door. L.M.

At the Door. (429)

Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

Cho.—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse the heart from sin,
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

2 Oh, lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;



Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he.
With garments died on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

203 The Stranger at the Door. L.M.

Why Not Be Saved To-Night? (430)

Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor-sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

204 Spanish Hymn. 7s. D.

Sinners, Turn!



Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

Page 55

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God; the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. Wesley, 1745.

205 Spanish Hymn. 7s. D.

Delay. (454)

Hasten, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blessed,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.



Thomas Scott, 1773.

206 Spanish Hymn. 7s. D.

The Voice of Jesus. (451)

Come, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long
hast roamed this barren waste, Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain!
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn!—

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1812.

207 Why Do You Wait? P.M.

Immediate Decision.

Why do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Savior is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

Cho.—Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?
Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?



Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away,
Your Savior is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

George F. Root.

208 Spanish Hymn. 7s. D.



Page 56

Come and Welcome. (455)

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
“Love’s redeeming’ work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 “Spread for thee, the festal board—
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father’s bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 “Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Savior, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

T. Haweis, 1792.

209 Azmon. C.M.

The Gospel Feast. (417)

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor!
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands, with open arms;
He calls,—he bids you come;



Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But, see! there yet is room.

3 Room, in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet

4 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls! the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele, 1760.

210 Azmon. C.M.

Gen. 6:3.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?



5 An answer from the skies is sent,—
“Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.”

Joseph Addison Alexander.

211 Azmon. C.M.

The Last Resolve. (416)

Come, humble sinner! in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve:
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—



Page 57

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea;
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Edmund Jones, 1777.

212 Sessions. L.M.

My Spirit Shall Not Always Strive. (427)

Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call for life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened self-destroying men;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.



5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde.

213 Just As Thou Art. L.M.

Just As Thou Art. (428)

Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,—
Or meekness for the heav'nly place,—
Oh, guilty sinner! come,—now come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free;—
Oh, wretched sinner! come,—now come.

3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;—
Oh, weary sinner! come,—now come.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;—
Oh, trembling sinner! come,—now come.

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Savior bids thee come,—now come.

Russell S. Cook, 1850, a.

214 Jesus is Calling. P.M.

The Call of Christ.

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Farther and farther away?

Ref.—Calling to-day,
Calling to-day.
Jesus is calling,
Is tenderly calling to-day.



Page 58

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.

Fanny J. Crosby.

215 Goshen. 11s.

All Things Ready. (469)

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay, Your hearts may grow better by staying away! Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive; Oh, how can you question, if you will believe? If sin is your burden, why will you not come? 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air? There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make trial and see. And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

216 Goshen. 11s.

Danger of Delay. (470)



Delay not, delay not; oh, sinner! draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash, and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, oh, sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

217 He is Calling. 8s & 7s.

Divine Sympathy. (477)

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

Ref.—He is calling, "Come to me;"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.



Page 59

4 But we make his love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick Faber, *ab*.

218 Come to Jesus.

(478)

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you.

3 Oh, believe him.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you.

7 Call upon him.

8 He will hear you.

9 Look unto him.

10 He'll forgive you.

11 Flee to Jesus.



12 He will cleanse you.

13 He will clothe you.

14 Jesus loves you.

15 Don't reject him.

16 Only trust him.

17 Hallelujah. Amen.

219 Who'll Be the Next? P.M.

Delay Deplored.

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next the cross to bear?

Someone is ready, someone is waiting;

Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Ref.—Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?

Follow Jesus now?

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—

Follow his weary, bleeding feet?

Who'll be the next to lay ev'ry burden

Down at the Father's mercy-seat?

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to praise his name?

Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—

Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,

Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,

Singing upon the other side?

Annie S. Hawks.

220 Let Him In. P.M.

The Stranger at the Door.

There's a stranger at the door,

Let him in,



He has been there oft before,
Let him in;
Let him in ere he is gone,
Let him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Let him in.

2 Open now to him your heart,
Let him in,
If you wait he will depart,
Let him in;
Let him in, he is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let him in.

3 Hear you now his loving voice?
Let him in,
Now, oh, now make him your choice
Let him in;
He is standing at the door,
Joy to you he will restore,
And his name you will adore,
Let him in.



Page 60

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let him in,
He will make for you a feast,
Let him in;
He will speak your sins forgiv'n,
And when earth ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let him in.

Rev. J. B. Atchison.

221 Almost Persuaded. P.M.

"Almost," but Lost. (475)

"Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way;
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away,
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail,—
"Almost," but lost!

P. P. Bliss.

222 To-Day. 6s & 4s.

(476)

To-day the Savior calls!
Ye wand'ers, come,



Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 Today the Savior calls!
For refuge fly!
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

223 Greenville. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Invitation Hymn. (463)

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;



Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name:
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

Cho.—I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms,
In the arms of my dear Savior,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms!

224 Greenville. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



Page 61

The Voice of Mercy. (466)

Listen, sinner! mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Listen, sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Flee, oh, sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, ah! hasten to the Savior;
Sue his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away,
Hasten sinner!
You must perish, if you stay.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

225 Rhinehart. 7s & 6s.

Penitents Encouraged. (458)

Drooping souls! no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heav'n will be propitious;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wand'rers near him;
Drooping souls! you need not die,
Go to him and hear him!

2 He has pardons full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden!"
Tho' your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,



Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Savior's name,
All his saints adore him;
He to save the dying came;—
Prostrate bow before him!
Wand'ring sinner! now return;
Contrite souls! believe him!
Jesus calls you; cease to mourn;
Worship him; receive him.

Thomas Hastings. 1831.

226 Are You Ready? 8s & 7s.

Judgment Day.

Soon the evening shadows falling
Close the day of mortal life;
Soon the hand of death appalling
Draws thee from its weary strife.

Cho.—Are you ready? are you ready?
'Tis the Spirit calling, why delay?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Do not linger longer, come to-day.

2 Soon the awful trumpet sounding
Calls thee to the judgment throne;
Now prepare, for love abounding
Yet has left thee not alone.

3 Oh, how fatal 'tis to linger!
Art thou ready—ready now?
Ready should Death's icy finger
Lay its chill upon thy brow?

4 Priceless love and free salvation
Freely still are offered thee;
Yield no longer to temptation,
But from sin and sorrow flee.

J. W. Slaughenhaupt.

227 Windham. L.M.

The Broad Road.



Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.



Page 62

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint.
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Isaac Watts.

228 Gorton. S.M.

The Second Death. (504)

Oh, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery, 1819.

229 No Room in Heaven. P.M.



Shut Out.

How sad would it be, if when thou didst call,
All hopeless and unforgiven,
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate,
Should answer, No room in heaven.

Ref.—Sad, sad, sad would it be!
No room in heaven for thee!
No room, no room,
No room in heaven for thee!

2 How sad it would be, the harvest all past,
The bright summer days all over;
To know that the reapers had gathered the grain,
And left thee alone forever.

3 Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near,
Remember the love that he gave you;
The love that has sought thee is seeking thee still,
And Jesus now waits to save you.

W. O. Cushing.

230 When the King Comes in. P.M.

The Final Test.

Called to the feast by the King are we,
Sitting, perhaps, where his people be,
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me,
When the King comes in?

Ref.—When the King comes in, brother,
When the King comes in!
How will it fare with thee and me
When the King comes in?

2 Crowns on the head where the thorns have been,
Glorified he who once died for men,
Splendid the vision before us then,
When the King comes in.

3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe,
Just what we are will each neighbor know,
When the King comes in.



4 Joyful his eye shall on each one rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed,
Ah, well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.



Page 63

5 Endless the separation then,
Bitter the cry of deluded men,
Awful that moment beyond all ken,
When the King comes in.

6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,
So to await thee each in his place,
That we may fear not to see thy face
When thou comest in.

J.E. Landor.

231 When the Door is Shut. P.M.

The Present Invitation.

The door of salvation is open wide,
And Jesus invites you to come;
While mercy and pardon await within,
Oh, enter while yet there is room.

Ref.—When the door once is shut,
To entreat will be vain;
'Twill never, no, never
Be opened again.

2 The feast of the gospel awaits its guests,
The day and the hour are at hand;
Ye hungry and perishing souls, draw near;
Oh, why do you doubtingly stand?

3 Dear friends, if you ever should stand without,
And plead for admittance in vain,
You'd think of the Savior's entreating voice,
And long for this moment again.

M. E. Servoss.

232 Hebron. L.M.

My Yoke is Easy, My Burden Light. (495)

Oh, that my load of sin were gone;
Oh, that I could at last submit



At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me the meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

233 Hebron. L.M.

Pardon Penitently Implored. (493)

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.



5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.



Page 64

Charles Wesley, 1742.

234 Hebron. L.M.

Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit. (494)

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed and urged, thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace received!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

235 Woodworth. L.M.

Coming in Humility. (489)

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,



To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

236 Badea. S.M.

Decision. (506)

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Tho' late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.



Charles Wesley, 1746.

237 I am Listening. 8s & 7s.

The Call Answered.

Do you hear the Savior calling,
By the wooings of his voice?
Do you hear the accents falling?
Will you make the precious choice?



Page 65

Ref.—I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning
Just to hear the accents fall!
I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning
To the Savior's gentle call!

2 By his Spirit he is wooing,
Softly drawing us to him,
Thro' the day and night pursuing,
With his gentle voice to win.

3 By the Word of Truth he's speaking
To the wand'ring, erring ones;
List! the voice the stillness breaking!
Hear the sweet and solemn tones!

4 In his providential dealings,
Even in his stern decrees,
In the loudest thunders pealing,
Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

W. S. Marshall.

238 I Do Believe. C.M.

Unwearied Earnestness. (491)

Father, I stretch my hand to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

Cho.—I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me;
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

2 What did thine only Son endure.
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou would'st relieve,
In this accepted hour.



4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

Charles Wesley

239 I Do Believe. C.M.

The Friend of Sinners. (485)

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1783, a.

240 Brown. C.M.

Approaching the Mercy-Seat. (482)



Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.



Page 66

4 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

John Newton, 1779.

241 Take Me As I Am. P.M.

No Hope in Self.

Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry;
Unless thou help me, I must die;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh
And take me as I am.

Ref.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst make me as thou wilt,
But take me as I am.

3 I thirst, I long to know thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to thee I cannot move
Oh, take me as I am.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done.
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am.

Eliza H. Hamilton.

242 Fix Your Eyes Upon Jesus. P.M.



The Source of Peace.

Would you lose your load of sin?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you know God's peace within?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Cho.—Jesus who on the cross did die,
Jesus who lives and reigns on high,
He alone can justify;
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

2 Would you calmly walk the wave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you know his pow'r to save?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

3 Would you have your cares grow light?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you songs have in the night?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

4 Grieving, would you comfort know?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Humble be when blessings flow?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

5 Would you strength in weakness have?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
See a light beyond the grave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

D. W. Whittle.

243 At the Cross. C.M.

Rom. 5:2. (664)

I stand; but not as once I did,
Beneath my load of guilt;
The blessed Jesus bore it all—
For me his blood was spilt.

2 I stand; but not on Calvary's Mount,
With arms around the cross;
I have been there, and left behind
Earth's pleasures, joys, and dross.



3 I stand e'en now where he appears,
In union with my Lord;
In him I'm saved, oh, wondrous thought.
I read it in his word.

4 Oh, bless the Lord! in him alone—
In him we are complete;
We live by faith! but soon in sight
Our coming Christ we'll greet.

Unknown.

244 At the Cross. C.M.



Page 67

Salvation at the Cross. (492)

Oh, wondrous, deep, unbounded love,
My Savior, can it be
That thou hast borne the crown of thorns
And suffered death for me?

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light
And, the burden of my heart rolled away—
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 I kneel, repenting, at thy feet,
I give myself to thee;
I plead thy merits, thine alone,
For thou hast died for me.

3 Oh, let me plunge beneath the tide,
For sinners flowing free,
Then rise, renewed by grace divine,
And shout salvation free.

4 And when I reach thy place above,
My sweetest notes will be,
Redemption through a Savior's name,
Who bled and died for me.

Fanny Crosby, 1873.

245 Saved by Faith. P.M.

Justified by Faith.

I have found redemption in the Savior's blood,
I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood;
I am sweetly trusting in the word of God
I am saved by faith in his blood.

Cho.—I am saved, yes, sweetly saved,
I am saved by faith in the blood he shed for me,
I am saved, yes, sweetly saved,
I am saved by faith in his blood.

2 Oh, how sweet the story of his wondrous grace, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood;
I will trust in Jesus while I run my race, I am saved by faith in his blood.



3 I will sing of Jesus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will trust his promise, on his strength rely, I am saved by faith in his blood.

4 I will keep on singing as I march along, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; In my home in glory this shall be my song, I am saved by faith in his blood.

246 Only Trust Him. C.M.

Peace in Believing.

Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And he will surely give you rest
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

J. H. Stockton.

247 Is My Name Written There? P.M.

The Book of Life.

Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,



Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,
Is my name written there?



Page 68

Cho.—Is my name written there?
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins, they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh, that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

248 Convert. P.M.

Joy in Christ.

Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.



3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain,
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

8 Never more will I stray
From my Savior away,
But I'll follow the Lamb till I die;
I will take up my cross,
And count all things but loss,
Till I meet with my Lord in the sky.

Charles Wesley.

249 Hallowed Spot. P.M.

The Place of Conversion. (249)



There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot to which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain;
'Tis not where kindred souls abound—
Tho' that is almost heaven—
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error.



Page 69

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was nigh me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death—
Immortal Jesus, hear me.
Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine—
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted glory, glory.

4 O sacred hour, O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And as from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

William Hunter, D. D.

250 Boylston. S.M.

The Need of Conversion

How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
“Ye must be born again!”

2 “Ye must be born again!”
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
’Tis life poor sinners need.

3 “Ye must be born again!”
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
’Tis he alone can save.

4 “Ye must be born again!”
Or never enter heaven;
’Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.



Anon.

251 It is Well with My Soul. P.M.

The Soul Redeemed.

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Cho.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious tho't—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

H.G. Spafford.

252 Hallelujah! 'Tis Done. 12s.

An Accomplished Work.

'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give Unto him who on Jesus, his Son, will
believe

Cho.—Hallelujah! 'tis done,
I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

2 Tho' the pathway be lonely, and dangerous, too, Surely Jesus is able to carry me
through.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng; They are safe now in glory, and this is
their song:

4 Little children I see standing close by their King, And he smiles as their song of salvation they sing.



Page 70

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold, And they sing as they march
thro' the streets of pure gold,

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our praises forever
will be.

253 Bartimeus. 8s & 7s.

From Darkness to Light. (522)

Lord! I know thy grace is nigh me,
Thee thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master! pass not by me;
Son of David! pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving kindness;
"Lord! I would receive my sight."

3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo! the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

H.D. Ganse.

254 Bartimeus. 8s & 7s.

The Blind Man Healed. (521)

"Mercy, oh, thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."



2 Many for his crying chid him,—
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bade him,—
“Come, and ask me what you will.”

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 “Lord! remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!”
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
“Friends! is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 “Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.”

John Newton, 1779.

255 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus. P.M.

Oh, the peace that fills my soul,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Cleansed from sin, made free and whole,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Cho.—This is my abiding place,
Clothed with his abounding grace,
Looking upward to his face,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

2 Christ is mine in storm and calm,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
All my wounds are filled with balm,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

3 Here I rest from toil and strife,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Safe beneath the Tree of Life,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

4 Come ye guilty and be healed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Freely is God's love revealed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.



Page 71

Priscilla J. Owens.

256 Ortonville. C.M.

Prayer for Entire Purification. (649)

Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

257 Ortonville. C.M.

The Believer's Rest. (654)

Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in:



Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

258 Ortonville. C.M.

Longing for Christ. (648)

Oh! could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2 Lord! I desire with thee to live.
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus! come and rule my heart
And I'll be wholly thine;
And never, nevermore depart;
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And, when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland, 1790.

259 Ortonville. C.M.

Self-Dedication. (662)

Welcome, O Savior! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
To thee I all resign;



My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And make it all divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

Hugh Bourne, 1825.

260 Rhine. C.M.

Prayer for Entire Sanctification. (652)

My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.



Page 72

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Charles Wesley.

261 Bemerton. C.M.

Self-Consecration. (646)

My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be All in All.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of thy love.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

262 Uxbridge. L.M.



Living to Christ Alone. (815)

My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Philip Doddridge. 1740.

263 Gratitude. L.M.

God Wills Our Holiness. (679)

He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul Accomplished in the change of mine; And plunge me,
every whit made whole, In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed, And waits to prove thine utmost will; The promise
by thy mercy made, Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power, Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move; Hasten the
long-expected hour, And bless me with thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

264 Duane Street. L.M.D.

The Way to God.

Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness;
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.



Page 73

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick, 1743

265 Duane Street. L.M.D.

Bought with a Price.

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood,
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.



Rev. Samuel Davies, 1769. *ab.*

266 Ellesdie. 8s & 7s. D.

Leaving All to Follow Christ. (704)

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to thee.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1829.

267 Autumn. 8s & 7s. Double.

Desiring Sanctification. (701)



Page 74

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

268 Autumn. 8s & 7s. Double.

Union with Jesus. (700)

In thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go thy way.
Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.

2 Let thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,



When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, oh, my Savior! laying
Thy hands on my weary head;
“Here thy day is ended,” saying,
“Yonder live the faithful dead.”

3 Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fill my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

P. Spitta, 1833.

269 Even Me. 8s & 7s.

Pass Me Not. (523)

Lord! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, broad and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let their fullness fall on me.

Ref.—Even me, even me,
Let their fullness fall on me.

2 Pass me not, oh, gracious Father!
Sinful, though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, oh, tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me.

4 Pass me not, oh, mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?



Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me.



Page 75

Elizabeth Coduer, 1860.

270 Even Me. 8s & 7s.

Self-Consecration. (524)

Take me, oh, my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou would'st have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy hope forever living,
I must be forever blest!

Ray Palmer, 1865.

271 Ferguson. S.M.

Restore My Peace. (637)

O Jesus! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:



Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

Charles Wesley, 1756.

272 I Cannot Do Without Thee. 7s & 6s.

Dependence on Christ.

I cannot do without thee,
O Savior of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.

Cho.—I cannot, would not,
Dare not, could not,
Will not do without thee.
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.

2 I cannot do without thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.

3 I cannot do without thee,
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I cannot do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.

Frances H. Havergal, Alt.

273 Ferguson. S.M.



Absorbed in Christ. (635)

Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.



Page 76

Isaac Watts, 1719.

274 Trusting. 7s.

At the Cross. (694)

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall thy salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee— Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and body thine
to be— Wholly thine—forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am!
I am ev'ry whit made whole;
Glory! glory to the Lamb!

Wm. McDonald.

275 I'll Live for Him. P.M.

Dedication of Self.

My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be
My Savior and my God.



Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy, then, my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me,
My Savior and my God.

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Savior and my God.

3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Savior and my God.

276 Take My Heart, Dear Jesus. P.M.

The Offered Heart.

Take my heart, dear Jesus,
Make it all thine own,
Let thy Holy Spirit
Break this heart of stone,
And make me all thine own.

Cho.—Take my heart, and let it be
Ev'ry moment more like thee;
At thy feet I bow;
Take my heart just now,
And make me all thine own.

2 Take my heart, dear Jesus,
Make it pure and clean;
Let thy blood, still flowing,
Wash away my sin,
And make me pure and clean.

3 Take my heart, dear Jesus,
Make it white as snow;
May the cleansing fountain,
May the precious flow,
Still keep me white as snow.

Baltzell

277 Entire Consecration. 7s.

Self-Dedication



Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Cho.—Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, the precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood, the healing flood,
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King



Page 77

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal.

278 Draw Me to Thee. 8s & 6s.

Nearness to Christ Desired.

Lord, weak and impotent I stand,
As fettered by an unseen hand;
Break thou the strong and subtle band,
And draw me close to thee.

Cho.—Draw me close to thee, Savior,
Draw me close to thee;
Beneath thy wing do thou me hide,
And draw me close to thee.

2 In vain I struggle to be free;
I would, but cannot, fly to thee;
Ope thou the prison door for me,
And draw me close to thee.

3 Oh, bring me nearer, nearer still,
That thine own peace my soul may fill,
And I may rest in thy sweet will;
Lord, draw me close to thee.



4 Here, Lord, I would forever bide,
And never wander from thy side;
Beneath thy wing do thou me hide,
And draw me close to thee.

M.A.W. Cook.

279 Draw Me to Thee. 8s & 6s.

Clinging to Christ. (668)

O holy Savior! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

Cho.—Help me cling to thee, Savior,
Help me cling to thee!
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

280 Draw Me Nearer. P.M.

Communion with Christ.

I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

Ref.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side.



2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.



Page 78

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

281 Whiter Than Snow. 11s.

Desire for Purity.

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Cho.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself and whatever I know— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st no— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

James Nicholson.

282 Are You Washed in the Blood? P.M.

Resting in Christ's Merits.

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?



Are your garments spotless, are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

E.A. Hoffman.

283 The Cleansing Wave. C.M.

It Cleanseth Me.

Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream I see! I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me,
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.



Page 79

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer

284 Beulah Land. L.M.

Rest of Faith.

I've reached the land of corn and wine.
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Cho.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home forevermore.

2 The Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's melody, As angels, with
the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

Edgar Page Stites.

285 The Land of Beulah. 8s & 7s. D.

Beulah Land.

I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flow'rs,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bow'rs.



Cho.—Is not this land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light?
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountains,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments,
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure.
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.

5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway thro';
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee.
And the glory lingers near.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

286 Ortonville. C.M.

Christ Incomparable. (590)

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.



Page 80

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

287 Ortonville. C.M.

Christ Jesus, All in All. (591)

I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,—
My Comfort, and my Love;
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

John Mason, 1683. a.

288 Ortonville. C.M.



Invitation to Praise the Redeemer. (588)

Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

289 Henry. C.M.

Praise to Christ. (596)

Come, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices joined.

2 O Lord! we cannot silent be;
By love we are constrained
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Savior, and our Friend.



3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

4 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.



Page 81

Martin Madan (?), 1760.

290 Cambridge. C.M.

The Incarnation. (206)

Awake, awake, the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made;
Oh, happy morn—illustrious hour—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

Anne Steele, 1760

291 St. Agnes. C.M.

Jesus Our Joy. (548)

Jesus, the very tho't of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of ev'ry contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!



To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr. F. Caswall, 1848.

292 St. Agnes. C.M.

All-Absorbing Love. (551)

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me, if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

3 Oh, wonderful! that thou should'st let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine!

4 O Light in darkness, Joy in grief!
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus my Love, my Treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?

5 O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord!
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1848.

293 St. Agnes. C.M.



Supreme Love to Christ. (545)

Do not I love thee, oh, my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill
My Savior's voice to hear?



Page 82

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord!
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1750.

294 How I Love Jesus. C.M.

The Dearest Name. (537)

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

Cho.—Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

295 How I Love Jesus. C.M.

The Precious Name. (538)

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;



It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779

296 Webb. 7s & 6s. D.

The Joyful Prospect.

Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above?
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.



3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly!
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not forget to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.



Page 83

Anon.

297 Webb. 7s & 6s, D.

Praise to the Savior. (622)

To thee, my God and Savior!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before thee.—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

298 Heavenly King. 7s. D.

Rejoicing on the Way. (612)

Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,



In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick, 1742.

299 Atoning Lamb. 7s.

Delight in Christ. (575)

Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Savior's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Jesus' light,— Think,—how bright
that light will be, Shining through eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think;—who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,
What must their Creator be?

6 Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.



Ger. Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.

300 Luther. S.M.

The Song of the Seraphs. (349)

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!

2 Awake, my soul! and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.



Page 84

3 Crown him, the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified.

4 Crown him, the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.

5 Crown him, the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

Matthew Bridges, 1852.

301 Luther. S.M.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb. (350)

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

William Hammond, 1745.
Altered by Martin Madan, 1760.

302 Greenwood. S.M.



Living to God. (562)

Bless'd be thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 Oh, thou, our soul's chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668.

303 Ariel. C.P.M.

Christ's Character Appreciated. (623)

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine!
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.



4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When he, dear Lord! will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
There, with my Savior, brother, friend,
A blessed eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

304 Federal Street. L.M.



Page 85

Ashamed of Me.

Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765. *Ab. and alt.*

305 Federal Street. L.M.

All-Engrossing Love. (509)

Jesus! my heart within me burns,
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delight it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

2 When thou to me dost condescend,
In love divine, thou blessed One,
The moments that with thee I spend,
Seem e'en as Heaven itself begun.

3 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;



To me the rapture ne'er grows old,
That thrills me, bending at thy feet.

4 I breathe my words into thine ear;
I seem to fix mine eyes on thine;
And sure that thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call thee mine.

5 Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart;
My all I yield to thy control;
Oh! let me never from thee part,
Thou best Beloved of my soul!

Ray Palmer, 1869.

306 Federal Street. L.M.

The Song of Songs. (603)

Come, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs;—
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain;
And make us kings and priests to God:
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be!—
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from on high,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,—
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

James Montgomery, 1853.

307 New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Looking to Jesus. (587)

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine;



Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!



Page 86

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830.

308 New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Jesus, My Lord. (586)

Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,



Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J.G. Deck, 1837.

309 Every Day and Hour. P.M.

Nearness to Christ.

Savior, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Cho.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me;
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Thro' this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er; Till my soul is
lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

310 Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Love to Christ Desired. (584)

More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee:
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved—
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek:
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee;
More love to thee!



3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee!

Mrs. E.P. Prentiss, 1869.

311 Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Nearer to God. (709)

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.



Page 87

2 Though like the wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1841.

312 Hope. 6s & 4s.

Parting with the World. (582)

Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine:
Break ev'ry mortal tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away:
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,



Born but for one brief day!
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night!
Jesus is mine:
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome, ye mansions blest!
Welcome a Savior's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, 1845.

313 Hendon. 7s.

Jesus a Joy.

Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God;
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

3 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;



Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Rev. B. H. Kennedy, 1863.

314 Woodworth. L.M.

Ecstasy in Christ. (554)

Oh, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Savior's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat.

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

Page 88

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

315 Revive Us Again. 10s & 11s.

Praise for Salvation. (529)

We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Savior, and
scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed ev'ry stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from
above.

Wm. P. Mackay, 1866.

316 Revive Us Again. 10s & 11s.

Rejoicing in Christ.

Rejoice and be glad the Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross and his tomb.



Cho.—Sound his praises, tell the story,
Of him who was slain,
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad: for the blood has been shed; Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.

3 Rejoice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

4 Rejoice and be glad: for our King is on high; He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

5 Rejoice and be glad: for he cometh again— He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

H. Bonar, 1874.

317 Welcome Voice. S.M.

Going on to Perfection.

I hear thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.



6 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness!



Page 89

Rev. L. Hartsough.

318 Welcome Voice. S.M.

Christ the Guide and Counselor. (688)

Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counselor thou art;
Oh, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

4 Oh, make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me—
And build me up in love.

Charles Wesley.

319 Loving Kindness. L.M.

Loving Kindness. (699)

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose;



He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near
my soul has always stood— His loving kindness, oh, how good!

S. Medley, 1787.

320 Loving Kindness. L.M.

Love Which Passeth Knowledge.

Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given! Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven; Though sin
and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus, thy balm will make me whole.

3 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears, and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux,
tr. by A.W. Boehm, 1712

321 The Solid Rock. L.M.

The Sure Foundation.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Cho.—On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;



In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound.
O, may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.



Page 90

Rev. Edward Mote, 1825.

322 How Can I but Love Him? 6s & 5s.

The Exceeding Love of Christ.

So tender, so precious.
My Savior to me;
So true, and so gracious,
I've found him to be.

Ref.—How can I but love him?
But love him, but love him?
There's no friend above him,
Poor sinner, for thee.

2 So patient, so kindly
Toward all of my ways;
I blunder so blindly,
He love still repays.

3 Of all friends the fairest
And truest is he;
His love is the rarest,
That ever can be.

4 His beauty, tho' bleeding
And circled with thorns,
Is then most exceeding;
For grief him adorns.

J.E. Rankin, D.D.

323 My Beloved, 11s & 8s.

My Beloved.

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love?



And why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Jos. Swain, 1792.

324 De Fleury. 8s. D

The Presence of Christ Desired.

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,



Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.



Page 91

John Newton.

325 De Fleury. 8s. D

Phil. 1:23. (571)

My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose;
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

W. Cowper.

326 I Need Thee Every Hour. P.M.

Need of Christ.

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.



Cho.—I need thee, oh, I need thee,
Ev'ry hour I need thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Savior
I come to thee.

2 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Annie S. Hawks.

327 De Fleury. 8s. D

Altogether Lovely. (572)

My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King!



B. Francis.

328 The Lily of the Valley. P.M.

The Abiding Friend.

I have found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,
He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



Page 92

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;
I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn
From my heart, and now he keeps me by his power.
Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do his blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill.
Then sweeping up to glory to see his blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

329 Glory to His Name. P.M.

Praise to Christ.

Down at the cross where my Savior died.
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

Cho.—Glory to his name,
Glory to his name,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad, I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;



Plunge in to-day and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

Rev. E.A. Hoffman.

330 Balerna. C.M.

Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit. (625)

Oh, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from, my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whatever that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper, 1772.

331 Balerna. C.M.

A Perfect Heart. (645)

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free—

A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;—



Page 93

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

332 Balerma. C.M.

Triumphant Grace. (847)

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.



333 Evan. C.M.

The Peace of God. (725)

We bless thee for thy peace, O God
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon. 1862.

334 Varina. C.M. D.

The Voice of Jesus. (666)

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;



My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.



Page 94

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

335 Dennis. S.M.

The Lord's Guardianship. (855)

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His Goodness Stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

336 Dennis. S.M.

Grace.—Eph. 2:8. (744)

Grace! 'tis a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;



And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone;
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

337 Dennis. S.M.

Adoption.—I. John 3:1-3. (742)

Behold what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior there,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

338 Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

Memorial of Praise. (617)

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,



Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.



Page 95

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1758.

339 Braden. S.M.

The Lord's Pity. (188)

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

340 Refuge. 7s. D.

The Only Refuge. (532)

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!



Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

341 Pilot. 7s.

Savior, Pilot Me.

Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will,



When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"



Page 96

Rev. Edward Hopper

342 Fulton. 7s.

(577)

Savior! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Miss Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

343 Oriel. L.M.

Contentment.—Phil. 4:11. (730)

O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;



But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Mad. Guyon.

344 Newcomer. L.M.

Completeness.—Col. 2:10. (730)

Complete in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin Thy grace has conquered, reign within; Thy voice
will bid the tempter flee, And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied, And no good thing to me denied, Since thou
my portion, Lord, wilt be, I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Savior! when before thy bar All tribes and tongues assembled are. Among thy
chosen may I be At thy right hand—complete in thee.

A.R.W.

345 Waring. 7s & 6s. D.

Safe in Jesus. (696)

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here,
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,—
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back:
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,



His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.



Page 97

Anna Letitia Waring, 1850.

346 Waring. 7s & 6s. D.

Light After Darkness.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

Wm. Cowper.

347 Showers of Blessing. P.M.

The Promise of Blessing

"There shall be showers of blessing;"
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Savior above.

Cho.—Showers, showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing;"—
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.



3 "There shall be showers of blessing;"
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor thy Word.

4 "There shall be showers of blessing;"
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

D.W. Whittle.

348 Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love. 11s.

The Mighty Love. (706)

Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me!
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love, mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine! No longer in dread condemnation I pine: In
conscious salvation I sing of his grace, Who lifteth upon me the smiles of his face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that his blood
cannot cure; No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest; No tears but may dry
them on Jesus' breast.

4 Oh, Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing! My blessed Redeemer! my God and my
King; My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And triumph in death in the
mighty to save.

Rev. F. Bottome.

349 As Pants the Hart. C.M.

Desire for Communion. (660)

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.



Cho.—As pants the hart for cooling streams,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee;
As pants the hart for cooling streams,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee.



Page 98

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
When ev'ry heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

350 Hide Thou Me. P.M.

Safe in Christ.

In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
Hide thou me;
When the fitful tempest rages,
Hide thou me;
Where no mortal arm can sever
From my heart thy love forever,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

2 From, the snare of sinful pleasure
Hide thou me;
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide thou me;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,



Let thy bosom be my pillow,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

Fannie J. Crosby.

351 As Pants the Hart. C.M.

Godly Sincerity.—Eph. 5:8. (724)

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

352 The Child of a King.

Adoption.

My Father is rich in houses and lands.
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

Cho.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King,
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Savior so fair, Once wandered on earth human sorrow to share: But now he is reigning forever on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice and an "alien" by birth! But I've been "adopted," my name's written down: An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there! Tho' exiled from home, yet my glad heart can sing: All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.



Page 99

Hattie E. Buell. Arr.

353 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me. 8s & 6s.

Divine Care.

Amid the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Cho.—Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
What need I fear when thou art near,
And thinkest, Lord, of me.

2 The cares of life come thronging fast
Upon my soul their shadow cast;
Their gloom reminds my heart at last,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

3 Let shadows come, let shadows go,
Let life be bright or dark with woe,
I am content, for this I know,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

E.S. Lorenz

354 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me. 8s & 6s.

Plead for Me. (633)

O thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend
That thou wilt plead for me.

Cho.—O Savior, plead for me,
O Savior, plead for me,
On this alone my hopes depend
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,



And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Savior, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Savior, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott.

355 Hamburg. L.M.

Heb. 12:6. (852)

I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4. Yes, God is love;—a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

Anon.

356 Ward. L.M.



Psalm 46. (849)

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade.
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.



Page 100

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode:—

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,—
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

357 Sessions. L.M.

The Offices of Faith.

Faith is a living pow'r from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given;
Securely fixed on Christ alone,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed; Strong
in his grace, it joys to share His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace, And bids the mourner's sighing cease; By
faith the children's right we claim, And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant;
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

Anon., 1531.

358 Elliott. 8s & 4s.

Submission to Divine Will.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—



I only yield thee what was thine—
“Thy will be done!”

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest—
“Thy will be done!”

4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done!”

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The pray’r, oft mixed with tears before,
I’ll sing upon a happier shore,
“Thy will be done!”

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

359 Lisbon. S.M.

The Cross and Crown. (858)

Oh! what, if we are Christ’s,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ’s sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

360 Lisbon. S.M.



God Our Shepherd.—Ps. 23. (859)

The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?



Page 101

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

361 Lisbon. S.M.

Psalm 37:3-7. (745)

Here I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.



6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art!

Paul Gerhardt, 1650.

Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth, 1855.

362 Segur. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Through the Desert. (807)

Guide me, oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro';
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Foe to death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams, 1774.

363 Lisbon. S.M.

Hope Thou in God. (860)

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.



3 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Ger., Paul Gerhardt, 1666. Tr. John Wesley, 1739.



Page 102

364 Peterborough. C.M.

Unwavering Faith. (713)

Oh! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

365 Naomi. C.M.

Resignation. (841)

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.



3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."

Anne Steele, 1760.

366 Horton. 7s.

Eternal Faithfulness. (861)

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

Rowland Hill, 1783.

367 The Lord Will Provide. P.M.

Divine Providence.

In some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in his own way,
The Lord will provide.

2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,



And yet in his own time,
The Lord will provide.

3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken,
Was ever yet broken,
The Lord will provide.

4 March on, then, right boldly
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.



Page 103

Mrs. M.A.W. Cook.

368 Consolation. 11s.

Heb. 12:2. (866)

Oh, eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear; I tremble no more when I see Jesus near; I know that his presence my safeguard will be, For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O, may I be found, When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round! They bear me away in his presence to be; I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face; Shall know how his love went before me each day, And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

369 Foundation. 11s.

Precious Promises. (867)

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea— As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not: I am with you, O be not dismayed; I, I am your God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow; For I will be with you, your troubles to bless, And sanctify to you your deepest distress.



5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply; The flame shall not hurt you; I only design Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I cannot desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Geo. Keith, 1787.

370 Safe in the Arms of Jesus. P.M.

Hid with Christ.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Cho.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!



Page 104

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Fanny J. Crosby.

371 He Leadeth Me. L.M.

Divine Guidance

He leadeth me! oh! blessed tho't,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine.
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's
cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore, 1861.

372 Jewett. 6s. D.

Mark 14:36. (864)



My Jesus, as thou wilt—
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt—
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure;
The manna of thy word,
Let my soul feed upon,
And, if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt—
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But thou, on earth, along
The thorny path hast gone:
Then lead me after thee;
My Lord, thy will be done!

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

373 Trusting in the Promise. P.M.

The Promise Secure.

I have found repose for my weary soul,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
And a harbor safe when the billows roll,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.

Ref.—Resting on his mighty arm forever,
Never from his loving heart to sever,
I will rest by grace in his strong embrace,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.



2 I will sing my song as the days go by,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
And rejoice in hope, while I live or die,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
I can smile at grief and abide in pain,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
And the loss of all shall be highest gain,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.



Page 105

3 Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
Oh, the strength and grace only God can give,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
Whosoever will may be saved to-day,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
And begin to walk in the holy way,
Trusting in the promise of the Savior.

Rev. H.B. Hartzler.

374 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s. & 10s.

Consolation Offered. (868)

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal!

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure—
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Vs. 1, 2, by Thomas Moore, 1816.

Vs. 3 by Thos. Hastings.

375 Follow On! P.M.

Following Christ.

Down in the valley with my Savior I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Ev'rywhere he leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in his footsteps till the crown be won.

Ref.—Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Anywhere, everywhere I would follow on!



Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Ev'rywhere he leads me I will follow on!

2 Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow; With his hand to lead me I will never, never fear, Dangers cannot frighten me if my Lord is near.

3 Down in the valley, or upon the mountain steep, Close beside my Savior would my soul ever keep; He will lead me safely, in the path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

W.O. Cushing.

376 Trusting Jesus. 7s.

Undoubting Trust.

Simply trusting ev'ry day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Cho.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing if my way is clear;
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger for him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.



Page 106

E.P. Stites.

377 A Shelter in the Time of Storm. L.M.

Divine Refuge.

The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Cho.—Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No foes alarm, no fears affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be thou our helper, ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Anon, Arranged.

378 Under His Wings. 8s.

Psalm 91.

In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge nor rest so complete;
And here I intend to reside.

Cho.—Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings,



I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.

2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

James Nicholson.

379 He Knows It All. 8s & 4s.

Divine Sympathy.

He knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray—
He knows it all.

Ref.—He knows it all,
The bitter, weary way;
O souls that weep, O souls that pray,
He knows it all.

2 He knows how hard the fight has been,
The clouds that come our lives between,
The wounds the world has never seen—
He knows it all.

3 He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink—
He knows it all.



4 He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joys we miss.
We still can bear it, feeling this—
 He knows it all.

Unknown.

380 Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee;
He will sustain thee, and comfort thee;
He will sustain thee, he will comfort thee;
Cast thy burden on the Lord!



Page 107

381 Lux Benigna. 10s. & 4s.

Lead Thou Me On.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal J.H. Newman

382 Joy Cometh in the Morning. P.M.

Joy After Weeping.

Oh, weary pilgrim, lift your head,
 For joy cometh in the morning;
For God, in his own Word, hath said
 That joy cometh in the morning.

Cho.—Joy cometh in the morning,
 Joy cometh in the morning;
Weeping may endure for a night,
 But joy cometh in the morning.

2 Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears,
 For joy cometh in the morning;
Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears,
 For joy cometh in the morning.



3 Let ev'ry burdened soul look up,
For joy cometh in the morning;
And ev'ry trembling sinner hope,
For joy cometh in the morning.

4 Our God shall wipe all tears away,
For joy cometh in the morning;
Sorrow and sighing flee away,
For joy cometh in the morning.

M.M. Weinland.

383 Landis. S.M.

God's Tenderness in Our Grief. (883)

How tender is thy hand,
Oh, thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

Thomas Hastings.

384 Retreat. L.M.

The Mercy-Seat. (787)

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,— A place, than all besides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.



Page 108

4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar, And time, and sense seem all no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still, This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1827.

385 Retreat. L.M.

Design of Prayer. (796)

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart. D. 1768

386 Retreat. L.M.

Psalms 104:34. (794)

My God, is any hour so sweet
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,



When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind.

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to thee!

Charlotte Elliott, 1854.

387 Sweet Hour of Prayer. L.M.D.

Blessedness of Prayer. (790)

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids he seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;

And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!



Page 109

Rev. W.W. Walford, 1846.

388 Brown. C.M.

Secret Prayer. (776)

I love to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, 1825.

389 Brown. C.M.

Graces Sought in Prayer. (786)

Lord! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,



Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts;

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then—thy will be done—
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by the Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, 1819.

390 Brown. C.M.

Mark 13:33. (784)

The Savior bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Oh, Christian! hear his voice to-day;
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Savior bids thee watch and pray
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

T. Hastings.

391 Devizes. C.M.

Prayer. (781)

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;



The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.



Page 110

5 Oh, Thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819.

392 Marlow. C.M.

A Throne of Grace. (778)

A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints!
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

Corbin.

393 Notting Hill. C.M.

Communion in Prayer. (777)

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God! art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice:



My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
T' attend the whisperings of thy grace,
And hear thee only speak.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

394 Aletta. 7s.

At the Throne. (804)

Come, my soul! thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest, Take possession of my breast; There thy blood-bought
right maintain, And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

John Newton, 1779.

395 What a Friend We Have in Jesus. 8s & 7s. D.

The Privilege of Prayer.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.



Page 111

Unknown.

396 The Lord's Prayer.

Chant.

Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name, ||
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven,

2 Give us this | day our | daily bread, ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- | men.

397 Thatcher. S.M.

I. Tim. 2:8. (1168)

Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Pray'r is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

Anon.

398 Capello. S.M.



The Throne of Grace. (801)

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine, image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton, 1779.

399 Tell It to Jesus Alone. P.M.

The Sympathizing Friend.

Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus.
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

Cho.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a Friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother!
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus.
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.



3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus.
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?
Tell it to Jesus.
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

400 Maitland. C.M.



Page 112

The Cross and the Crown. (835)

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord, that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh! precious cross! oh! glorious crown!
Oh! resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the skies come down,
And bear my soul away.

V. 1. Thomas Shepherd, 1692. Vs. 2-3, G. N. Allen, 1849, a.

401 Maitland. C.M.

The Christian Race. (783)

Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:



'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by thee
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

P. Doddridge, 1740.

402 Maitland. C.M.

Christian Charity. (809)

Blest is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

403 Boylston. S.M.

The Christian's Life-Work. (798)

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;



A never-dying-soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage—
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh, thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.



Page 113

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

404 Boylston. S.M.

Sowing and Reaping. (1014)

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"

James Montgomery, 1825.

405 Boylston. S.M.

Doing Good. (821)

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,



And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.

406 Triumph. L.M.

The Useful Life. (818)

Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee,
love thee, praise thee not, The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest, for exile home; Soon shalt thou hear
the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal,—“Behold! I come!”

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

407 Just As I am. L.M.

Consistency.—Titus 2: 10-13. (737)

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;



So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.



Page 114

Isaac Watts, 1709.

408 Essex. 8s & 7s.

The Responsibilities of the Age.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heav'n beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.

4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let ev'ry nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840.

409 Triumph. L.M.

Zeal.—John 9:4. (1009)

Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on, faint not;—keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;



Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

H. Bonar, 1857.

410 Triumph. L.M.

Psalm 41. (819)

Blest is the man whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

411 Rescue the Perishing. P.M.

Seeking the Lost.

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.



Cho.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Tho' they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.



Page 115

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried which grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Cords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide.
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

Fanny J. Crosby.

412 While the Days Are Going By. P.M.

Daily Opportunity.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

Ref.—Going by, going by,
Going by, going by,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.



3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

George Cooper.

413 I Want to Be a Worker. P.M.

Delight in God's Work.

I want to be a worker for the Lord,
I want to love and trust his holy word;
I want to sing and pray, and be busy ev'ry day
In the vineyard of the Lord.

Cho.—I will work, I will pray,
In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord;
I will work, I will pray, I will labor ev'ry day
In the vineyard of the Lord.

2 I want to be a worker ev'ry day,
I want to lead the erring in the way
That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,
In the kingdom of the Lord.

3 I want to be a worker strong and brave,
I want to trust in Jesus' power to save;
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
In the kingdom of the Lord.

4 I want to be a worker; help me, Lord,
To lead the lost and erring to thy word
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,
In the kingdom of the Lord.

Isaiah Baltzell.

414 Seeds of Promise. C.M.

Seedtime and Harvest.

Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds,
Along the fertile field,



For grain will grow from what you sow,
And fruitful harvest yield.

CHO—Then day by day along your way,
The seeds of promise cast,
That ripened grain from hill and plain,
Be gathered home at last.



Page 116

2 Tho' sown in tears the weary years,
The seed will surely live;
Tho' great the cost it is not lost,
For God will fruitage give.

3 The harvest home of God will come;
And after toil and care,
With joy untold your sheaves of gold
Will all be garnered there.

Jessie H. Brown.

415 We're Marching to Zion. S.M.

The Christian Journey.

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

416 Work, for the Night is Coming. P.M.



Work While it is Day.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give ev'ry flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

417 Bringing in the Sheaves. P.M.

Spiritual Harvest.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome;
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



Page 117

Knowles Shaw.

418 Crown After Cross. P.M.

Tears and Joy.

Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weariness,
Crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

Cho.—Now comes the weeping,
Then the glad reaping;
Now comes the labor hard,
Then the reward.

2 Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss;
Right was the pathway
Leading to this.

Frances R. Havergal.

419 I Love to Tell the Story. 7s. & 6s. D.

The Old, Old Story.



I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time, I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.

420 Only a Word. P.M.

Speaking for Christ.



Only a word for Jesus,
Spoken in fear with sense of need;
Yet, with the Master's blessing,
Thousands that word may feed.

Cho.—Give me a word for thee, Master!
Give me a word for thee!
To speak thy praise,
Some soul to raise,
Oh, give me a word for thee.

2 Only a word for Jesus,
Gentle and low with falt'ring breath;
Yet, with the Spirit's thrilling,
Winning a soul from death.

3 Only a word for Jesus,
Only a wav'ring soul to hear;
Yet, thro' increasing ages,
Widen its help and cheer.

4 Only a word for Jesus,
Feeble the love and praise appear:
Angels their songs are ceasing,
Glad this new note to hear.



Page 118

E. S. Lorenz.

421 Is Your Lamp Still Burning? P.M.

Waiting His Coming.

Are you Christ's light bearer?
Of his joy a sharer?
Is this dark world fairer
For your cheering ray?
Is your beacon lighted,
Guiding souls benighted
To the land of perfect day?

Cho.—Oh, brother, is your lamp trimmed and burning?
Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray?
Are you ever waiting
For your Lord's returning?
Are you watching day by day?

2 Is your heart warm glowing,
With his love o'erflowing,
And his goodness showing
More and more each day?
Are you pressing onward,
With Christ's faithful vanguard,
In the safe and narrow way?

3 Keep your altars burning,
Wait your Lord's returning,
While your heart's deep yearning
Draws him ever near;
With his radiance splendid
Shall your light be blended
When his glory shall appear?

Priscilla J. Owens.

422 Will Jesus Find Us Watching? P.M.

Faithfulness.

When Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night,



Faithful to him will he find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

Ref.—Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will he find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will he answer thee—Well done?

3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there?

Fanny J. Crosby.

423 Laban. S.M.

Watchfulness and Prayer. (763)

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.



George Heath, 1806.

424 Laban. S.M.

The Panoply of God. (761)

Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,—
Strong, in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:—



Page 119

2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

425 Laban. S.M.

Victory is on the Lord's Side. (765)

Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is:
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

3 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:—



4 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly, 1803.

426 Maitland. C.M.

The Sacrifices of Warfare. (751)

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1723

427 America. 6s & 4s.

Christian Soldiers. (773)



Soldiers of Christ are we
Marching to victory,
 Marching to heaven;
In his bright armor dressed,
His cross our chosen crest,
And for our food and rest,
 His word is given.

2 Tho' foes our path surround,
Tho' toils and cares abound,
 Onward we tread;
We hear our Lord's command;
We grasp each shining brand,
And, like a banner grand,
 Hope waves o'erhead.



Page 120

3 Soldiers of Christ are we,
Light, Love, and Liberty
Our battle call!
Till truth shall win the day,
Till right shall gain the sway,
Till sin is driven away,
We fight or fall.

428 Webb. 7s & 6s.

(771)

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men! now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus:
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,



A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield, 1858.

429 Webb. 7s & 6s.

Psalm 27. (772)

God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul! with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1822.

430 Yield Not to Temptation. P.M.

Courage.

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.



2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.



Page 121

H.R. Palmer.

431 St. Martin's. C.M.

Founded on a Rock. (892)

With stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivaled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song;
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defense;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

Isaac Watts.

432 St. Martin's. C.M.

The Church Immovable. (891)

Oh! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy church, O God!



Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839, a.

433 St. Martin's. C.M.

Returning to Zion. (894)

Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, Give up thy charge!
And, Keep not back, O North!

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

James Montgomery, 1825.

434 St. Martin's. C.M.

Little Flock.

Church of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise:



They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

H. Bonar, *ab.*

435 Laban. S.M.

Psalm 137. (914)

I love thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.



Page 122

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

436 State Street. S.M.

A Revival Sought. (912)

Revive thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.



Albert Midlane, 1861.

437 Ware. L.M.

Christ's Everlasting Kingdom. (895)

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet; While western
empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His name,
like sweet perfume, shall rise, With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And infant
voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains; The
weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with
songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

438 Ware. L.M.

The Glory of the Church. (904)

Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more
shall hell's insulting host Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.



Page 123

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

439 Ware. L.M.

Rev. 11: 15. (1028)

Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

Mrs. Voke, 1816.

440 Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Her Enemies Confounded. (925)

Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine!
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.



3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly, 1804

441 Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

The Gospel Herald. (926)

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumph end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Thomas Kelly, 1804

442 Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Prayer for a Revival. (923)

Savior, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.



2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent!
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.



Page 124

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

John Newton, 1779

443 Austria. 8s, 7s. D.

The Glory of the Church. (921)

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and tire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton, 1779.

444 Austria. 8s, 7s. D.



Isa. 54:10.

Zion, dreary and in anguish,
'Mid the desert hast thou strayed!
Oh, thou weary, cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
Still lamenting and bemoaning,
'Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

2 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest:
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody!

Thos. Hastings

445 Austria. 8s, 75. D.

The Heralds of the Gospel. (1048)

Onward, onward, men of heaven
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Paints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation:
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

446 Baca. L.M.



Save the Perishing. (1021)

The heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!



Page 125

2 Wealth, labor, talents freely give, Yea, life itself, that they may live, What hath your Savior done for you? And what for him will ye not do?

3 Oh, Spirit of the Lord! go forth, Call in the South, wake up the North, From every clime, from sun to sun, Gather God's children into one!

J. Montgomery

447 Baca. L.M.

Home Missions. (1022)

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord! to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant, 1840.

448 Baca. L.M.

Missionary Charged and Encouraged. (1024)

Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,



Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry—food impart;
To paths of peace the wand'rer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

3 Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand:
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high:
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

A. Balfour

449 Baca. L.M.

Ascend Thy Throne.

Ascend thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benjamin Beddome.

450 Missionary Chant. L.M.

The Universal Reign of Christ. (1033)

Arm of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nation shake;

And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.



Page 126

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood, that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim In every clime, of every name, Till adverse powers
before thee fall, And crown the Savior—Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1776.

451 Missionary Chant. L.M.

Mission to the Heathen. (1030)

Behold, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart, In this blest labor share a part; Our prayers and
offerings gladly bring To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long has held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies, Sweet incense to his name shall rise, And
slave and freeman, Greek and Jew, By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Voke.

452 Missionary Chant. L.M.

The Gospel Banner. (1027)

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Savior died.



2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal, into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide
Our glory, only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane, 1848.

453 Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Hopeful View. (1042)

Yes, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad,
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,

How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.



Page 127

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

454 Anvern. L.M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

Great God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

3 The saints shall flourish in his days, Dressed in the robes of joy and praise; Peace,
like a river, from his throne, Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts.

455 Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s. D.
Condition of the Heathen. (1061)

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted



The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

456 Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s. D.

Home Missions. (1062)

Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Allegheny's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.



Mrs. G.W. Anderson.

457 Webb. 7s & 6s.

Success of the Gospel. (1057)

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.



Page 128

2 Rich dew's of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:—
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith, 1845.

458 Webb. 7s & 6s.

Home Missions. (1059)

Go preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Savior's grace;
But bear, oh, quickly bear it
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.

2 Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,



There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The fields all ripe are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

3 Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure,
Than preaching Christ at home.

Sidney Dyer.

459 All Around the World. 6s & 5s.

Victory of the Church.

See the flag of Jesus
O'er the earth unfurled!
Sabbath-schools are singing,
All around the world;
Sunday-schools in China,
India and Japan,
Training souls for glory,
By the gospel plan.

Cho.—Lift the cross of Jesus,
Bear the Bible on;
Soon the world will echo,
With the vict'ry won.
See the flag of Jesus,
O'er the earth unfurled!
Sunday-schools are singing,
All around the world.

2 Little Indian diamonds,
Precious island pearls;
Learning Bible lessons,
Happy boys and girls.
Afric's gold dust scattered,
Neath the feet of wrong,



Rises up in brightness,
From the darkness long.

3 Sunday-schools are singing,
France and Spain and Rome;
Hear their joyous music,
Songs of heaven and home.
Where the martyrs suffered,
Holy seed is spread;
Gather up these rubies,
Dyed in life-blood red.

4 Sunday-schools in Chili,
Reaching down the coast;
Mexico is leading,
Gallant little host.
Glad Brazilian children,
Praise to God shall sing;
Far-off Patagonia
Answers Christ is King.



Page 129

Priscilla J. Owens.

460 Dillenburg. 7s & 6s.

The Messenger Welcomed. (928)

How beauteous on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To ev'ry tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace.

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman!
And shout from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
Oh, waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, oh, earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God.

Benjamin Gough, 186-.

461 Herold. 7s.

Christian Ministers. (1039)

Soldiers of the cross! arise;
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.



2 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Soothe the troubled, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

3 Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

William Walsham How, 1854.

462 All Hallows. C.M.

In the Strength of Jesus. (983)

With thine own pity, Savior, see
The thronged and darkening way!
We go to win the lost to thee,
Oh, help us, Lord, we pray!

2 Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand
Against hell's marshalled powers;
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
To make thine honor ours.

3 Teach thou our lips of thee to speak,
Of thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek
And find and serve thee well.

4 O'er all the world thy Spirit send,
And make thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at thy throne.

Ray Palmer.

463 All Hallows. C.M.

Zeal for Souls.—John 4:35.

Oh! still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
“More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!”



2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophet's word, and martyr's blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

S. Longfellow.

464 Welton. L.M.

A Meeting of Ministers. (1006)

Page 130

Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply.
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night, strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

James Montgomery, 1825.

465 Welton. L.M.

An Ordination Service. (1011)

The solemn service now is done.
The vow is pledged, the toil begun;
Seal thou, O God! the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

2 The shepherd of thy people bless;
Gird him with thine own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be
His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise, Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies. The tear of
penitence be shed, And myriads to the Savior led.

4 Come, Spirit! here consent to dwell; The mists of earth and sin dispel; Blest Savior!
thine own rights maintain: Supreme in every bosom reign.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

466 Happy Day. L.M.

*Rejoicing in Entire Consecration.* (937)

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day!

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

467 Happy Day. L.M.

Converts Welcomed. (940)

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

2 Those joys, which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.



Page 131

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

468 Evan. C.M.

Brotherly Love. (983)

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain. 1791

469 Evan. C.M.



Gen. 24:31. (931)

Come in, beloved of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us,—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

James Montgomery.

470 Evan. C.M.

Covenant Vows. (933)

Witness, ye men and angels! now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or even quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.



Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

471 Dennis. S.M.

Love to the Brethren. (992)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.



Page 132

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

472 Dennis. S.M.

Laborers in the Vineyard. (995)

And let our bodies part—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Oh, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 Oh, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.



Charles Wesley

473 Dennis, S.M.

Meeting After Absence. (996)

And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

474 Rockingham. L.M.

The Likeness of His Death. (974)

How blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God;
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Savior's precious blood.

2 How blest the vow we here record!
How blest the grace we now receive!
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.



3 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven;—
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled and peace with heaven.

4 Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious, suffering Savior trod;
Thou art our pattern, through the wave
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

S.F. Smith.

475 Rockingham. L.M.

The Feast of Love. (961)

My God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.



Page 133

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Oh! let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

476 Rockingham. L.M.

Jesu, Dulcedo Cordium! (963)

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee,—All in all!

3 We taste thee, oh, thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.



Lat., Bernard, of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr., Ray Palmer, 1833.

477 Aletta. 7s.

The Bread of Life. (973)

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Thro' the life of him who died,
Lord of life, oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

478 Windham. L.M.

The Lord's Supper Instituted. (964)

'Twas on that dark, that dreadful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at the table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."



5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.



Page 134

Isaac Watts.

479 Dornance. 8s & 7s.

Viewing the Cross. (977)

While, in sweet communion, feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Savior, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Now, our eyes forever closing
To this fleeting world below,
On thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.

3 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love,
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

4 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

Edward Denny, 1839.

480 Arlington. C.M.

Remembering Christ. (958)

That dreadful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repeat—
For me he died, for me.

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;



We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.

Joseph Hart, d. 1768

481 Till He Come. 7s.

The Coming Joy.

"Till he come!" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords,
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come!"

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be ev'ry murmur dumb,
It is only "Till he come!"

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Pain us only "Till he come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavn'ly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till he come!"

E.H.B. Bickersteth, 1861.

482 Arlington. C.M.

Baptized into His Death. (945)



We long to move and breathe in thee,
Inspired with thine own breath,
To live thy life, O Lord, and be
Baptized into thy death.

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in thy woe,
But we shall bloom above.

3 Above we shall thy glory share,
As we thy cross have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.



Page 135

483 Arlington. C.M.

Baptism of Children. (948)

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

484 Thanatopsis. S.M.

Dying, not Death. (1088)

It is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1847.



485 Thanatopsis. S.M.

The Crowning Hour. (1086)

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;—

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard,
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb!

Charles Wesley.

486 Thanatopsis. S.M.

A Little While. (1089)

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,



A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

487 St. Sylvester. 8s & 7s.

Death Inevitable.



Page 136

Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might.

3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Rev. Edward Caswell, 1849.

As the tree falls so must it lie;
As the man lives so will he die;
As the man dies, such must he be
All through the days of eternity.
Amen.

488 St. Sylvester. 8s & 7s.

Matthew 6:10. (1097)

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;



With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!

Thomas Hastings.

489 Rest. L.M.

Sleeping in Jesus. (1077)

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woes,
shall dim the hour, Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From whence none ever wake to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1832.

490 Rest. L.M.

The End of that Man is Peace. (1078)

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.



3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!



Page 137

Mrs. A.L. Barbauld, 1773.

491 Rest. L.M.

Death and Burial of a Christian. (1080)

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1734.

492 Rest. L.M.

The Fading Flower. (1084)

So fades the lovely, blooming flower—
Frail smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain, Till dying hope shall live again; Hope wipes the tear
from sorrow's eye And faith points upward to the sky.



Anne Steele, 1760

493 China. C.M.

We Are Confident. (1067)

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints be blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

494 China. C.M.

Cheerful Submission to Death. (1065)

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—



2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.



Page 138

4 I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipes away his servant's tears,
And takes his exile home.

Charles Wesley, 1759.

495 China. C.M.

Mourning with Hope. (1066)

Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest!
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

Wm. H. Bathurst, 1829.

496 Frederick. 11s.

Death Not Fearful.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not
its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To hail him in triumph descending
the skies.



3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory
eternally reigns;

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Savior and brethren transported
to greet; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the
feast of the soul?

W.A. Muhlenburg.

497 Thy Will Be Done. Chant

Mark 14:36.

“Thy will be | done!” || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
“Thy will be | done.”

2 “Thy will be | done!” || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine-- |
“Thy will be | done!”

3 “Thy will be | done!” || Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort, one ||
Is ours:--to breathe, while we adore, |
“Thy will be | done.”

Sir. J. Bowring, 1825.

498 Shining Shore. 8s & 7s. Trochaic.

On Jordan's Strand. (1146)

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

Cho.—For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.



2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear!
Our heav'nly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,—
"Let ev'ry lamp be burning."



Page 139

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest none can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says,—“Come!” and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!

David Nelson, 1835.

499 Shining Shore. 8s & 7s. Trochaic.

Wayfarers. (1147)

Wayfarers in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on,
With weary feet toward heaven.

Cho.—O land above! O land of love!
The glory shineth o'er thee;
O Christ, our King! in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore thee!

2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher.

3 The sea was riven from our feet,
And so shall be the river;
And, by the King's highway brought home,
We'll praise his name forever:

Alexander R. Thompson, 1869.

500 Nearer Home. 6s.

A Solemn Thought. (1139)

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;



I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

Cho.—I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day;
Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where the blest mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound where we
Must lay our burdens down,
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 The waves of that deep sea
Roll dark before my sight,
But break, the other side,
Upon a shore of light.

5 Oh! if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If I am nearer home
To-day than e'en I think,

6 Father! perfect my trust,
That I may rest, in death,
On Christ, my Lord, alone,
And thus resign my breath.

Phoebe Cary, 1852 a.

501 Consolation. P.M.

The Death of a Child.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!
The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!



2 Let us be patient, these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly thro' the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heav'ns distant lamps.

3 She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.



Page 140

4 And tho' at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest:
We will be patient—and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay,
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

Henry W. Longfellow, 1849.

502 Peace, Be Still. P.M.

Submission.

Peace, be still!
In this night of sorrow bow;
Oh, my heart, contend not thou;
What befalls is God's own will;
Peace, be still!

2 Hold thee still!
Tho' the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thou to him all the more;
Let him mercy's work fulfill;
Hold thee still!

3 Lord, my God!
Give me grace, that I may be
Thy true child, and silently
Own thy scepter and thy rod;
Lord, my God!

4 Shepherd mine!
From thy fullness give me still
Faith to do and bear thy will
Till the morning light shall shine;
Shepherd mine!

Schiller.

503 Rest, Weary Pilgrim. 10s.

Death of a Christian.



Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er,
Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;
Safely at last thou hast reached the bright goal,
Fatherland, home of the soul.

2 Never again shall thy storm-beaten breast
Sigh, deeply sigh, for the sweet "land of rest;"
Gone to the Savior's bright mansion above,
Rest in the light of his love.

3 Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er,
Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;
Dangers and troubles shall harm thee no more,
Rest on the beautiful shore.

Maria Straub.

504 As Fade the Stars. P.M.

The Life of the Departed.

As fade the stars at morn away,
Their glory gone in perfect day,
So pass away the friends we love,
Their presence lost in worlds above,
While we o'er their slumbers are weeping.

2 As sink the stars when night is o'er,
To rise upon some other shore,
So sink our precious ones from sight,
In other skies to walk in light,
While we sorrow's vigils are keeping.

3 No more in east, or in the west,
Fade they from sight, or sink to rest;
Fixed firm in that celestial air,
They radiant shine eternal there;
Our hearts up to meet them fond leaping.

J.E. Rankin, D.D.

505 Nettie. 5s & 9s.

Consolation.

Midst sorrow and care
There's one that is near,
And ever delights to relieve us.



2 'Tis Jesus, our Friend,
On whom we depend
For life and for all its rich blessings.

3 When trouble assails,
His love never fails;
He meets us with sweet consolation.

506 Meribah. C.P.M.

Pleading for Acceptance. (1114)



Page 141

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
 To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With praise of sovereign grace.

Mrs. Selina Shirley, 1772

507 Meribah. C.P.M.

Present and Future Realities. (1115)

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
 Yet how insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
 Eternal things impress;



Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late!
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

4 Then Savior! then my soul receive,
Transported from the earth, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

508 Marlow. C.M.

Certainty of Judgment. (1103)

That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before the Judge
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

509 Judgment. C.M.



The Judgment Day. (1106)

And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.



Page 142

3 How careful then I ought to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

Charles Wesley.

510 Ewing. 7s & 6s. D.

The New Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the light,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.



Bernard of Cluny, 1145.
J.M. Neale, tr., 1751.

511 Swing. 7s & 6s. D.

Paradise of Joy.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.
J.M. Neale, tr., 1751.

512 Immanuel's Land. 7s & 6s. D.

In Immanuel's Land.

The sands of time are wasting,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Oh, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,



And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine;
He brings a poor, vile sinner
Into his house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages
My soul, redeemed, shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Annie Ross Cousin, 1857.

513 Immanuel's Land. 7s & 6s. D.

Heb. 11: 14.



Page 143

Jerusalem, the glorious!
The glory of th' elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.
J.M. Neale, *tr.* 1757

514 Varina. C.M. D.

The Heavenly Canaan. (1116)

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides,
This heavenly land from ours.



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

515 Varina. C.M.D.

Heavenly Rest in Anticipation (1118)

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage.
And face a frowning world.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

516 Varina. C.M.D.

The Society of Heaven. (1126)



Jerusalem! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?



Page 144

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Francis Baker (?), 1801.

517 Over There. P.M.

The Home Over There. (1141)

Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there;
Over there, over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air.
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there;
Over there, over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.



3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there;
Over there, over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there;
Over there, over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

Rev. D.W.C. Huntington.

518 Sweet By and By. P.M.

The Other Side. (1150)

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

Cho.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love.
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;

All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.



Page 145

5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest, free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

S.F. Bennett.

519 Rest for the Weary. 8s & 7s.

Sweet Fields of Eden. (1148)

In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

Cho.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand.
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But, in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed
Hail with joy the rising morn

5 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.



William Hunter, 1857

520 Rest for the Weary. 8s & 7s.

Deut. 12:9. (1149)

This is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away;

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

H. Bonar.

521 Woodland. C.M.

Heaven's Joys. (1121)

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers giv'n;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heav'n.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,



Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heav'n.

4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heav'n.



Page 146

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

522 Going Home. L.M.

Joyful Prospect.

My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Cho.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high;
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, Be mine a
happier lot, to own A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Rev. William Hunter.

523 Sweet Home. 11s.

The Eternal Home. (1142)

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Cho.—Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease, Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam, I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee; Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam, All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay, Oh, give me submission and strength as my day, In all my afflictions to thee would I come, Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

David Denham, 1826.

524 We Shall Meet. P.M.

The Joyful Anticipation.

We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story.
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of his will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;

All the blest ones who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.



Page 147

Rev. John Atkinson.

525 Deliverance Will Come. 7s & 6s.

The Conquering Pilgrim.

I saw a way-worn trav'ler,
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Ref.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward,"
He stopped his ears and run,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!



5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

J.B. Matthias.

526 Home of the Soul. P.M.

The Beautiful Land.

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

527 Forever with the Lord. S.M.D.



Eternal Blessedness. (1134)

“Forever with the Lord!”

Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

’Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day’s march nearer home;

Nearer home, nearer home,

A day’s march nearer home.



Page 148

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear.
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above;
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace;
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

James Montgomery, 1835.

528 On Jordan's Stormy Banks. C.M.

The Pleasing Prospect. (1117)

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Cho.—We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns
And scatters night away.



3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

529 Shall We Gather. 8s & 7s.

The River of Life.

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Robert Lowry.



530 The Future. 8s & 7s. D.

The Future in God's Hands.

Oh, I often sit and ponder,
When the sun is sinking low,
Where shall yonder future find me?
Does but God in heaven know?
Shall I be among the living?
Shall I be among the free?
Wheresoe'er my path be leading,
Savior, keep my heart with thee.



Page 149

Cho.—Oh, the future lies before me,
And I know not where I'll be;
But where'er my path be leading,
Savior, keep my heart with thee.

2 Shall I be at work, for Jesus,
Whilst he leads me by the hand,
And to those around be saying,
Come and join this happy band?
Come, for all things now are ready,
Come, his faithful foll'wer be;
Oh, where'er my path be leading,
Savior, keep my heart with thee.

3 But perhaps my work for Jesus
Soon in future may be done,
All my earthly trials ended,
And my crown in heaven won;
Then forever with the ransomed
Thro' eternity I'd be
Chanting hymns to him who bo't me
With his blood, shed on a tree.

Miss Jennie Stout.

531 Going Home at Last. 7s & 6s.

The Aged Christian's Delight.

The evening shades are falling,
The sun is sinking fast;
The Holy One is calling,
We're going home at last.

Cho.—Going home at last;
Going home at last;
The march will soon be over,
We're going home at last.

2 The road's been long and dreary,
The toils came thick and fast;
In body weak and weary,
Were going home at last.



3 We now are nearing heaven,
And soon shall be at rest;
Our crowns will soon be given,
We're going home at last.

4 Oh, praise the Lord forever,
Our sorrows are all past;
We'll part no more, no, never;
We are at home at last.

Rev. W. Gossett.

532 The Sweet Story. P.M.

Christ's Delight in Children.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

Ref.—I should like to have been with them then;
I should like to have been with them then;
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

Ref.—“Let the little ones come unto me,”
“Let the little ones come unto me,”
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

Ref.—I shall see him and hear him above,
I shall see him and hear him above,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

Mrs. Jemima Luke, 1841.

533 Siloam. C.M.



Page 150

Childhood Piety. (1180)

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r.
And stormy passions rage.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

534 Swanwick. C.M.

A New House of Worship. (1176)

God of the universe! to thee
This sacred house we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, oh! come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 And, when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,



May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

Miss Mary O——, 1841.

535 Swanwick. C.M.

Church Opening.

Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train.
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown.
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts.

536 Swanwick. C.M.

Temperance Meeting. (1186)

'Tis thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought,
How widely roll its waves!



How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.



Page 151

5 The cause of Temperance is thine own,
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872.

537 Let Us Arise. P.M.

Moral Reforms.

Do you slumber in your tent, Christian soldier,
While the foe is spreading woe thro' the land?
Do you note his rising pow'r,
Growing bolder ev'ry hour?
Will he not our land devour while you stand?

Cho.—Let us arise, all unite!
Let us arise in our might!
Let us arise! speak for God and the right.
Tho' our numbers may be few,
God will lead us grandly thro'
And our arms with strength endue by his might.

2 Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian soldier?
Are not heavens turned to hells by his pow'r?
Mark you not the mother's sigh?
Hear you not the children's cry?
See you not their loved ones die ev'ry hour?

3 Can you linger in your tent, Christian soldier?
Satan's smiling o'er your idle delay.
Thousands perish while you wait,
While you counsel and debate;
Heed you not their awful fate as they stray?

4 Let us rise in holy wrath, Christian soldiers,
Crush the evil 'neath the heel of our might!
Counting cost, no longer wait;
Forward, manhood of the state!
For in God your strength is great for the right.

E.S. Lorenz.

588 Webb. 7s & 6s. D.



The Temperance Banner. (1192)

Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

539 Webb. 7s & 6s. D.

The Crystal Fountain. (1193)

From brightest crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free,
By shady hill and mountain
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters,
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

2 From many a happy dwelling,
Late misery's dark abode,
The joyous peal is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God,
Glad songs are now ascending

From many a thankful heart,
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending,
And each their aid impart.



Page 152

3 We'll join the tuneful chorus
And raise our song on high!
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye;
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard host is waning
Before cold water's sway.

540 Hebron. L.M.

Corner-Stone Laying. (1178)

An earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Savior! to thy praise;
Oh! make thy gracious presence known,
While now we lay its corner-stone.

2 Within the house thy servants rear,
Deign by thy Spirit to appear;
On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.

3 And when this temple, "made with hands,"
Upon its firm foundation stands,
Oh! may we all with loving heart,
In nobler building bear a part,

4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,—
The chief and precious Corner-Stone.

Mrs. Catherine H. Johnson, 1866.

541 Chesterfield. C.M.

Prayer for the Nation. (1217)

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
Of ev'ry clime and coast,
Oh! hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.



2 Oh! guard our shore from ev'ry foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John Reynell Wreford, 1837.

542 America. 6s & 4s.

America. (1226)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring, from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;



Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

543 America. 6s & 4s.

Our Native Land. (1227)

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.



Page 153

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the state!

John S. Dwight, 1844.

544 America. 6s & 4s.

The Poor.

Lord, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

Nicoll.

545 Our Glad Jubilee. P.M.

Thanksgiving Anniversary.



Wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee,
 O most holy Lord!
Praise for thy care by day and by night,
Praise for the homes by love made so bright;
Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light
 Beaming from thy word.
Then wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee,
 O most holy Lord!

2 Marching to Zion, dear blessed home!
Lord! by thy mercy hither we come;
Guide us, we pray, where'er we may roam,
 Keep us in thy fear;
Fill ev'ry soul with love all divine,
Now cause thy face upon us to shine;
Grant that our hearts may be truly thine
 All the coming year.
Then wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee,
 O most holy Lord!

3 Yet once again the anthem repeat,
Join ev'ry voice the Master to greet;
Love's sacrifice we lay at his feet,
 In his temple now.
Jesus accept the offering we bring,
Blending with song the odors of spring;
Still of thy wondrous love we will sing,
 Till in heaven we bow.
Then wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee,
 O most holy Lord!

W.F. Sherwin.

546 Laudo. 7s.

Thanksgiving. (1223)

Praise to God! immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;



Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the flocks that roam the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripened grain, Clouds that drop
their fatt'ning dews, Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;



Page 154

3 All that spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

547 Seasons. L.M.

At Sea. (1197)

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the sparrows fall; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine, Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine; Or though the tempest's fiery breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

4 In ocean cave still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.

548 Let Us Anew. P.M.

New Year.

Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,



And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne"

Charles Wesley. 1752.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide, 56
A charge to keep I have, 403
A few more years shall roll, 486
Again our earthly cares we leave, 40
Ah! how shall fallen man, 178
Alas! and did my Savior bleed, 121
All hail the power of Jesus' name, 154
"Almost persuaded," now to believe, 221
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, 332
Am I a soldier of the cross, 426
Amid the trials which I meet, 353
And are we yet alive, 473
And can I yet delay, 236
And let our bodies part, 472
And let this feeble body fail, 494
And must I be to judgment brought, 509



Page 155

An earthly temple here we raise, 540
Angel, roll the rock away, 144
Angels rejoiced and sweetly song, 102
A pilgrim through this lonely world, 107
Approach my soul the mercy seat, 240
Are there no wounds for me, 127
Are you Christ's light-bearer, 421
Are you weary, are you heavy hearted, 399
Arise, my soul, arise, 196
Arise, O King of grace, arise, 535
Arise, ye saints, arise, 425
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake, 450
Ascend thy throne, almighty King, 449
As fade the stars at morn away, 504
Ask ye, what great thing I know, 313
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, 489
As pants the hart for cooling stream, 349
Astonished and distressed, 179
A throne of grace! then let us go, 392
Awake and sing the song, 301
Awake, awake, the sacred song, 290
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, 52
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue, 5
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, 401
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, 319

Before Jehovah's awful throne, 3
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, 72
Behold a stranger at the door, 202
Behold! the blind their sight receive, 111
Behold the heathen waits to know, 451
Behold! the morning sun, 64
Behold the throne of grace, 398
Behold what wondrous grace, 337
Behold where, in the Friend of man, 115
Beneath thy cross I lay me down, 139
Blessed be thy love, dear Lord, 302
Blest be the Father and his love, 76
Blest be the tie that binds, 471
Blest is the man whose heart doth move, 410



Blest is the man, whose softening heart, 402
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, 195
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, 477
Broad is the road that leads to death, 227
Buried in shadows of the night, 184
By cool Siloam's shady rill, 533
By thy birth, and by thy tears, 130

Called to the feast by the King are we, 230
Calm on the listening ear of night, 97
Cast thy burden on the Lord, 380
Cast thy burden on the Lord, 366
Children of the heavenly King, 298
Christ has for sin atonement made, 199
Christ the Lord is risen to-day, 143
Church of the ever-living God, 434



Page 156

Come at the morning hour, 397
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, 45
Come, every soul, by sin oppressed, 246
Come, Holy Ghost, in love, 164
Come, Holy Spirit, come, 174
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, 166
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast, 211
Come in, beloved of the Lord, 469
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, 467
Come, let us all unite to praise, 289
Come, let us all unite to sing, 93
Come, let us anew, 548
Come, let us join the songs of praise, 155
Come, let us sing the song of songs, 306
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, 394
Come, oh, my soul, in sacred lays, 8
Come, says Jesus' sacred voice, 206
Come, sound his praise abroad, 21
Come, thou Almighty King, 75
Come, thou Fount of every blessing, 338
Come, thou long-expected Jesus, 159
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, 218
Come to the cross where the Savior, 135
Come to the blood-stained tree, 198
Come, we that love the Lord, 415
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye, 374
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, 223
Come ye that know and fear the Lord, 91
Command thy blessing from above, 39
Complete in thee! no work of mine, 344
Crown him with many crowns, 300
Crown his head with endless blessing, 162

Daughter of Zion, from the dust, 433
Days and moments quickly flying, 487
Deep in our hearts let us record, 138
Delay not, delay not; oh sinner, 216
Depth of mercy! can there be, 194
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, 128
Do not I love thee, oh, my Lord, 293



Do you hear the Savior calling, 237
Do you slumber in your tent, 537
Down at the cross where my Savior died, 329
Down in the valley with my Savior, 375
Drooping souls! no longer mourn, 225

Earth has nothing sweet or fair, 299
Ere mountains reared their forms, 84
Eternal Spirit! by whose power, 170
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise, 89
Ever would I fain be reading, 114



Page 157

Fade, fade, each earthly joy, 312
Fading, still fading, the last beam, 60
Faith is a living pow'r from heav'n, 357
Father, I stretch my hands to thee, 238
Father of mercies, in thy word, 68
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, 365
Fling out the banner! let it float, 452
Forever here my rest shall be, 256
Forever with the Lord, 527
For thee, O dear, dear country, 511
From all that dwell below the skies, 4
From brightest crystal fountain, 539
From Calvary a cry was heard, 118
From every stormy wind that blows, 384
From Greenland's icy mountains, 455
From the cross uplifted high, 208

Give me the Bible, star of gladness, 63
Give to the winds thy fears, 363
Glorious things of thee are spoken, 443
Glory be to the Father, 1-2
God be with you till we meet again, 61
God bless our native land, 543
God is love, his mercy brightens, 87
God is my strong salvation, 429
God is the refuge of his saints, 356
God moves in a mysterious way, 81
God of my life! through all my days, 9
God of our salvation! hear us, 34
God of the universe, to thee, 534
Go, labor on, spend and be spent, 406
Go, labor on, while it is day, 409
Go, messenger of peace and love, 448
Go, preach the blest salvation, 458
Grace! 'tis a charming sound, 336
Gracious Spirit, love divine, 172
Great God! attend while Zion sings, 35
Great God, how infinite art thou, 74
Great God, when I approach thy throne, 122
Great God, whose universal sway, 454
Great Spirit, by whose mighty pow'r, 167
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, 362



Hail! great Creator, wise and good, 15
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord, 90
Hail! morning known among the blest, 148
Hail, my ever blessed Jesus, 163
Hallelujah! song of gladness, 26
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, 151
Hark the glad sound! the Savior comes, 99
Hark, the herald angels sing, 101
Hasten, sinner! to be wise, 205
Have you been to Jesus for the, 282
He knows the bitter, weary way, 379
He leadeth me! oh, blessed tho't, 371
Here I can firmly rest, 361

Page 158

He wills that I should holy be, 263
Holy Bible, book divine, 65
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness, 177
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, 18
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, 171
Holy Spirit, Fount of blessing, 176
Hosanna to the Prince of light, 142
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit, 175
How beauteous on the mountains, 460
How blest the hour when first we gave, 474
How blest the righteous when he dies, 490
How charming is the place, 30
How did my heart rejoice to hear, 42
How firm a foundation, ye saints, 369
How gentle God's commands, 335
How beauteous were the marks divine, 108
How heavy is the night, 180
How helpless guilty nature lies, 181
How pleasant, how divinely fair, 37
How precious is the book divine, 69
How sad it would be, if when thou, 229
How sad our state by nature is, 182
How shall the young secure their hearts, 70
How solemn are the words, 250
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, 468
How sweetly breaks the Sabbath dawn, 46
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound, 109
How sweet the name of Jesus, 295
How sweet to leave the world awhile, 36
How tedious and tasteless the hours, 324
How tender is thy hand, 383
How vast, how full, how free, 189

I am coming to the cross, 274
I am dwelling on the mountain, 285
I am thine, O Lord, I have heard, 280
I cannot always trace the way, 355
I cannot do without thee, 272
I gave my life for thee, 134
I have found a friend in Jesus, 328



I have found redemption, 245
I have found repose for my weary soul, 373
I heard the voice of Jesus say, 334
I hear the Savior say, 197
I hear thy welcome voice, 317
I know that my Redeemer lives, 149
I love to steal awhile away, 388
I love to tell the story, 419
I love thy kingdom, Lord, 435
I need thee every hour, 326
I saw a way-worn, trav'ler, 525
I sing th' almighty pow'r of God, 79
I stand, but not as once I did, 243
I think when I read that sweet story, 532
I want to be a worker for the Lord, 413



Page 159

I will sing you a song of that beautiful, 526
I would not live away; I ask not to stay, 496
In God I have found a retreat, 378
In heavenly love abiding, 345
In some way or other, 367
In stature grows the heavenly child, 106
In the cross of Christ I glory, 131
In the Christian's home in glory, 519
In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, 350
In thy name, O Lord! assembling, 32
In thy service will I ever, 268
In vain in high and holy lays, 116
It came upon the midnight clear, 94
It is not death to die, 484
I've found the pearl of greatest price, 287
I've reached the land of corn and wine, 284

Jehovah God! thy gracious pow'r, 92
Jerusalem, my glorious home, 516
Jerusalem, the glorious, 513
Jerusalem, the golden, 510
Jesus, and shall it ever be, 304
Jesus comes, his conflict over, 152
Jesus, I my cross have taken, 266
Jesus is God! the glorious bands, 100
Jesus is tenderly calling thee home, 214
Jesus, keep me near the cross, 136
Jesus, Lover of my soul, 340
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, 264
Jesus, my heart within me burns, 305
Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, 241
Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, 201
Jesus, my truth, my way, 318
Jesus, Savior, pilot me, 341
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, 437
Jesus, the very thought of thee, 291
Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend, 239
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts, 476
Jesus, thy church with longing eyes, 161
Jesus, thy name I love, 308



Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding, 488
Joy to the world! the Lord is come, 98
Just as I am, without one plea, 235
Just as thou art, without one trace, 213

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling, 381
Lift up the Gates of Praise, 22
Lift up to God the voice of praise, 17
Light after darkness, 418
Like Noah's weary dove, 192
Listen, sinner! mercy hails you, 224
Look from thy sphere of endless day, 447
Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 507
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, 33
Lord, from thy blessed throne, 544
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, 265



Page 160

Lord, I believe a rest remains, 257
Lord, I care not for riches, 247
Lord, I have made thy word my choice, 66
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, 269
Lord, I know thy grace is nigh me, 253
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole, 281
Lord of all being! throned afar, 7
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly, 67
Lord, teach us how to pray aright, 389
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven, 88
Lord, weak and impotent I stand, 278
Lord, we come before thee now, 31
Lord, while for all mankind we pray, 541
Love divine, all love excelling, 267

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, 286
Mercy, oh, thou Son of David, 254
Mid scenes of confusion and creature, 523
Midst sorrow and care, 505
Mine eyes and my desire, 273
More love to thee, O Christ, 310
Must Jesus bear the cross alone, 400
My country! 'tis of thee, 542
My days are gliding swiftly by, 498
My dear Redeemer and my Lord, 110
My faith looks up to thee, 307
My Father is rich in houses and lands, 352
My God! accept my heart this day, 261
My God and is thy table spread, 475
My God, how wonderful thou art, 80
My God, I know, I feel thee mine, 260
My God, is any hour so sweet, 386
My God, my Father, while I stray, 358
My God! my King! thy various praise, 12
My gracious Lord, I own thy right, 262
My gracious Redeemer I love, 327
My heavenly home is bright and fair, 522
My hope is built on nothing less, 321
My Jesus, as thou wilt, 372
My life, my love, I give to thee, 275



My Savior, whom absent I love, 325
My soul, be on thy guard, 423
My soul shall praise thee, O my God, 16

Nearer, my God, to thee, 311
Not all the blood of beasts, 190
Now for a tune of lofty praise, 146
Now to the Lord a noble song, 11

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, 20
Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the, 348
Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing, 13
Oh! could I find from day to day, 258
Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, 303
O day of rest and gladness, 44
Oh, do not let the word depart, 203
Oh, eyes that are weary and hearts, 368



Page 161

Oh, for a closer walk with God, 330
Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, 364
Oh, for a heart to praise my God, 331
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing, 288
O God, our help in ages past, 78
Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice, 466
O Holy Savior, Friend unseen, 279
Oh, how happy are they, 248
O, I often sit and ponder, 530
O Jesus full of grace, 271
O, Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord, 292
O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed, 123
O Lord, how full of sweet content, 343
O Love I who gav'st thy life for me, 140
Oh, now I see the cleansing wave, 283
Oh, render thanks to God above, 10
O, sacred head, now wounded, 120
Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, 414
Oh, still in accents sweet, 463
Oh, that I could forever dwell, 314
Oh, that my load of sin were gone, 232
Oh, the peace that fills my soul, 255
O, think of the home over there, 517
O thou, in whose presence my soul, 323
Oh, Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend, 354
Oh thou, whose own vast temple stands, 41
Oh, turn ye, oh turn ye, for why, 215
Oh, weary pilgrim, lift your head, 382
Oh, what if we are Christ's, 359
O when shall I see Jesus, 296
On! where are kings and empires, 432
Oh, where shall rest be found, 228
Oh, wondrous, deep, unbounded love, 244
Oh, wondrous type, oh, vision fair, 113
O worship the King, all-glorious above, 28
Of him who did salvation bring, 320
One sweetly solemn thought, 500
On Jordan's stormy bank I stand, 528
Only a word for Jesus, 420
On the mountain's top appearing, 441



Onward, onward, men of heaven, 445
Oppressed with noonday's scorching, 124
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer, 483
Our country's voice is pleading, 456
Our Father who art in heaven, 396
Our Lord is now rejected, 160
Our sins on Christ were laid, 126

Peace be still! In this night of sorrow, 502
Pour out thy Spirit from on high, 464
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, 6
Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him, 24
Praise to God, immortal praise, 546
Praise to thee, thou great Creator, 27
Prayer is appointed to convey, 385
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, 391



Page 162

Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has, 316
Rescue the perishing, 411
Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er, 503
Revive thy work, O Lord, 436
Ride on! ride on in majesty, 112
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise, 150
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, 547
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, 129

Safely thro' another week, 48
Safe in the arms of Jesus, 370
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound, 188
Savior, again to thy dear name we raise, 57
Savior, breathe an evening blessing, 54
Savior, more than life to me, 309
Savior! teach me, day by day, 342
Savior, visit thy plantation, 442
Saw ye my Savior, 137
Say, sinner, hath a voice within, 212
See how the morning sun, 53
See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph, 153
See the flag of Jesus, 459
Servant of God, well done, 485
Shall we gather at the river, 529
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, 233
Silently the shades of evening, 59
Simply trusting every day, 376
Sing them over again to me, 62
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, 19
Sinners Jesus will receive, 193
Sinners, this solemn truth regard, 183
Sinners, turn; why will ye die, 204
So fades the lovely, blooming flower, 492
Softly fades the twilight ray, 51
Softly now the light of day, 58
Soldiers of Christ are we, 427
Soldiers of Christ! arise, 424
Soldiers of the cross! arise, 461
So let our lips and lives express, 407
Sometimes a light surprises, 346
Soon may the last glad song arise, 439
Soon the evening shadows falling, 226
So tender, so precious, 322



Sowing in the morning, 417
Sow in the morn thy seed, 404
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers, 168
Spirit of power, and truth and love, 173
Stand up, and bless the Lord, 23
Stand up, stand up for Jesus, 428
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay, 234
Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, 55
Sweet hour of prayer, 387
Sweet is the work, my God! my King, 14
Sweet the moments rich in blessing, 132



Page 163

Take me, oh, my Father, take me, 270
Take my heart, dear Jesus, 276
Take my life and let it be, 277
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal, 393
Thank and praise Jehovah's name, 25
That awful day will surely come, 508
That dreadful night, before his death, 480
The cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross, 125
The door of salvation is open wide, 231
The evening shades are falling, 531
The head, that once was crowned with thorns, 156
The heathen perish; day by day, 446
The Lord descended from above, 82
The Lord is King! child of the dust, 86
The Lord is now rejected, 160
The Lord is risen indeed, 145
The Lord my Shepherd is, 360
The Lord, our God, is full of might, 73
The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, 377
The morning kindles all the sky, 147
The morning light is breaking, 457
The morning purples all the sky, 141
The pity of the Lord, 339
The race that long in darkness pine, 95
There are lonely hearts to cherish, 412
There is a fountain filled with blood, 186
There is a God—all nature speaks, 85
There is a land of pure delight, 514
There is a line by us unseen, 210
There is a name I love to hear, 294
There is an hour of peaceful rest, 521
There is a spot to me more dear, 249
There is no flock, however watched, 501
There's a glorious kingdom waiting, 158
There's a land that is fairer than day, 518
There's a stranger at the door, 220
There's a wideness in God's mercy, 217
There shall be showers of blessing, 347
The sands of time are wasting, 512
The Savior bids thee watch and pray, 390
The solemn service now is done, 465
This is not my place of resting, 520
Thou! whose almighty word, 165



Thy law is perfect, Lord of light, 71
Thy way, O God, is in the sea, 77
Thy presence, gracious God, afford, 38
Thy will be done! In devious way, 497
Till he come! oh, let the word, 481
'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace, 200
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow, 117
'Tis the promise of God, 252
'Tis thine alone, almighty name, 536
To-day the Savior calls, 222
To thee, my God and Savior, 297
Triumphant Zion! lift thy head, 438
'Twas on that dark, that dreadful night, 478



Page 164

Unfurl the Temperance Banner, 538
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb, 491

Vain are the hopes the sons of men, 185

Wake, wake the song! our glad, 545
Walk in the light! so shall thou know, 351
Wayfarers in the wilderness, 499
We are living, we are dwelling, 408
We bless thee for thy peace, O God, 333
We give thee but thine own, 405
We have heard the joyful sound, 191
We long to move and breathe in thee, 482
We may not climb the heavenly steeps, 105
We praise thee, O God, for the Son, 315
We shall meet beyond the river, 524
Welcome, delightful morn, 49
Welcome, O Savior! to my heart, 259
Welcome, sacred day of rest, 50
Welcome! sweet day of rest, 43
What a Friend we have in Jesus, 395
What grace, O Lord, and beauty, shone, 104
What means this glorious radiance, 103
When I can read my title clear, 515
When I view my Savior bleeding, 133
When I survey the wondrous cross, 119
When Jesus comes to reward his, 422
When peace like a river, 251
When the worn spirit wants repose, 47
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt, 506
When wounded sore, the stricken soul, 187
While in sweet communion feeding, 479
While shepherds watched their flocks, 96
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus, 219
Why do we mourn departing friends, 493
Why do you wait, dear brother, 207
Why should our tears in sorrow flow, 495
Why should the children of a King, 169
With joy we mediate the grace, 157
With stately towers and bulwarks, 431
With thine own pity Savior, see, 462
Witness, ye men and angels! now, 470



Work, for the night is coming, 416
Would you lose your load of sin, 242

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, 29
Yes, God is good; in earth and sky, 83
Yes, we trust the day is breaking, 453
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, 209
Yield not to temptation, 430

Zion, dreary and in anguish, 444
Zion stands with hills surrounded, 440